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THE CHILD ARTIST.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF WOLFGANG MOZART.

NEAR Prague, on the vine-clad hill of Kosohrads, at the foot of which the beautiful and rapid, but noisy waters of the Moldau river flow and lose themselves in the green forests of Bohemia, was built a modest mansion which had formerly belonged to Dunek.

In a narrow room of this small house were assembled together one evening a musician, (who was an old organist of the Chapel of Prague,) his wife and two children, a little boy of six, and a little girl not quite eleven years old.

The most abject poverty seemed to have fallen upon this family. It was very cold, and not a spark of fire lit the hearth; the clothing of the children was still tolerably good, but the black coat worn by their father hung in tatters, their mother's gown was so worn out that it was impossible to conjecture of what material it had been originally made. Four straw-bottomed chairs, and a damaged spinnet formed the sole furniture of the room.

A mournful silence which each one seemed to fear to break, seemed to enchain one and all of this unhappy family. The mother spun her yarn listlessly; the father continued to read from a large volume, from the form of which it was easy to see that it was a Bible; the little girl knit at a woolen stocking, and the little boy, who for some time had been restlessly wandering round his father's chair, and surveying his mother and sister, pretending at the same time to make a loud noise, in order to attract their attention, now sprung with an impatient bound towards the spinnet, climbed with considerable difficulty upon a stool which brought his arms on a level with the keys, and commenced playing.

He executed the gamut several times with a lightness of touch and a precision of which no one would have supposed so slight and frail a creature to be capable; then, suddenly becoming animated, from gamut he passed on to chords, and from chords to a sonata by Dussek, then, abandoning himself to his childish and capricious fancy, his little fingers flew over the board, striking each note with such force as to shake the window panes, and sometimes causing such expressive modulations that tears came into the eyes of those who listened.

The father ceased reading, the mother stopped her spinning, and the girl her knitting, to listen to this wonderful child.

"Come and kiss me! Come Master Wolfgang!" exclaimed the organist, with the enthusiasm of an artist and a father, "come here! some of these days, with the help of God, of the Virgin of Loretto, and of the holy St. John of Nepomucene, you will be a great master, a great composer, a great man; poor child, why am I not richer, to make you happier?"

"Tell me, Father," said Wolfgang, growing bolder as his father caressed him, "when shall we have our supper, I'm so hungry!"

"Poor child," said his mother in a voice of grief. She arose and went to a closet, took out a slice of bread and brought it to her son.—"Eat this," said she, "eat it, for I have nothing else to give you."

"And what is Sister to do," demanded Wolfgang, taking the piece of bread.

"There's just such a slice as yours for her, if she should be hungry," answered the mother.

"And for you too, dear Mamma?" inquired Wolfgang, still unsatisfied.

"For me, oh! I am not hungry," answered his mother.

"Isn't Papa hungry," asked the child, whose features expressed a certain uneasiness.

"Your father, like me, is not hungry," answered the mother, who could not suppress her tears.

The little girl now dropped her work, ran to her mother, threw herself into her arms, and exclaimed, sobbing :

"There is no bread for Papa and you, and that is the reason why you say you are not hungry! I am not hungry either, dear Mama!"

Little Wolfgang looked from his mother to his sister, and ceased eating his morsel of bread.

"No, my dearest girl, I am not hungry, I assure you; eat your bread in peace, my Frederica."

"Well, I will do so Mother, on one condition, that you will share it with me."

"And I will share mine with Papa," said Wolfgang, breaking his bread in half, and offering one piece to his father. "Take it, Papa, take it," exclaimed the child, stamping his little foot, or so surely as I am named Wolfgang Mozart, I will not touch my half!"

A tear fell from the poor organist upon the bread offered him by his son.

"Do as our children wish, Wife," said he to the mother. "Oh, heavens, why am I so poor!"

"You are very poor then, Papa?" asked Wolfgang with touching simplicity.

"Alas! yes!" answered the organist, "and notwithstanding, my children, since your birth, and even before it, indeed I may say ever since my marriage, I have certainly led a dreadful life of sacrifice, to furnish enough to maintain two families, my mother's and my own, that is the seven children I have had by my two marriages. If I could tell you, my child, how many births, how many illnesses, how many deaths, and how many expenses of all kinds I have been obliged to bear the burden of, you would be certain that not only have I never expended one farthing for my own pleasure, but besides that I could not have been able in spite of all my efforts, to help contracting debts, except through the special grace of God."

"That is too true," said the musician's wife, with a sigh.

The two children listened to their father, with their eyes wide open, and without eating a single crumb of their bread.

The organist resumed. "All my time have I consecrated to you two, my dear children, in

the hope that, one of these days, you might be able to support yourselves."

"And you too, Papa" interrupted the little Frederica.

"In fact, Sister," said Wolfgang, with a serious look which contrasted strangely with his childish face, and his youthful accents, "since Papa has worked for us until now, we must work for him in our turn."

"But you are too young—too little"—said his father with emotion.

"Too little!" exclaimed Wolfgang, as if highly indignant at the observation of his father; "too little! I shall soon be as high as the piano!"

"Poor little love!" said the mother, passing her long and slender fingers through the light curls of her child's hair, "why what could you do, so young and delicate as you are?"

"Papa, who knows, says that I am a fine player on the piano, well then, I'll give music lessons!"

The father and mother smiled through their tears.

"And whom will you give lessons to; where will you find scholars as small as yourself?" said the mother of Wolfgang, kissing his forehead.

"I will teach grown people; of course I will!"

"My brother is right," said Frederica.—"Listen to me. The other day, walking with him near the great chateau that you see from the window, the lady of the castle called me, and asked me if we were the children of Mozart the organist. I said yes, then she said, pointing to Wolfgang, this is, then, the little boy who plays so admirably on the piano? At your service, Madam, answered my brother. After that the lady begged us to go inside, and she urged Wolfgang to play on the piano, a splendid piano, Papa, with golden flowers inlaid on the wood, and then the lady was so much pleased with Wolfgang's playing and mine, that she gave us a whole ducat, you know, Mamma, I gave it to you."

"And you told me your adventure, my child," answered Frederica's mother, "why do you repeat it now?"

"Oh! I know why," said Wolfgang; "if Papa will let us, my sister and I will wander all over the country. We are pretty, especially Frederica. The lady of the castle said so. We will go everywhere. Everywhere they will make us play the piano, and give us ducats; we will give them to you, and you will not be poor any more."

"I tell you, Wife, this is not a bad idea," said the organist, looking at the mother.

"But it will tire the children," answered the tender mother.

"It will perhaps tire Frederica, but I am not so easily fatigued. I have gone twenty times, at least, to-day, up and down the hill on which our house is built, and I will begin again if Papa wishes."

"Oh!" said Frederica, "the happiness of being useful to my parents will prevent me from feeling tired."

"Poor creatures! no! I am not unhappy," exclaimed Mozart with a burst of feeling; "no! when God gives a man two angels like you, my children, that man cannot call himself unhappy!"

"Leopold," said his wife, with an anxious look at her husband, "do you intend to turn into money the talents given to these poor little beings?"

"Why not, Wife, if it be the will of Heaven?" answered Mozart.

"I am afraid."

"Afraid of what? Mamma," demanded little Wolfgang; "I am not afraid; I will go boldly into the parlor, I will take a seat at the piano, and you will see how I will play, and play, and play, until Papa says it is time to stop."

"And when my brother is tired I will take his place, Mamma," said Frederica. "Oh! dear Mamma, do not oppose our project; I will pray to God every morning and evening to give us strength to earn money for you, Mamma."

"Yes! yes, dear Mamma," said Wolfgang, caressing her, "you will see how good I shall be, and how much money I will earn. You have often told me that God protects obedient children; then he will protect us; and the holy St. John Nepomucene too! But I have done my supper; Papa tell me the story of St. John Nepomucene, whose statue looks so tall on the bridge of Moldau; after that I will go to bed like a good boy."

"But you know it by heart," said Frederica.

"That is no matter, it amuses me to hear it, and makes me go to sleep better. Papa will tell it to me, won't you Papa?"

"Yes, my darling boy," said his father; and seating Wolfgang on his knee, he commenced thus:

"There was in Nepomucene a vicar of the Archbishop of Prague, whose name was John Welfin; he was a very pious man, fearing God, and giving alms so often that sometimes

nothing remained for himself. One day King Wenceslaus, who was then on the throne, sent for him, and said to him:

"John Welfin, I summon you to relate the confession which you have lately heard from the Archbishop of Prague, with whom I am greatly displeased."

"The confession of a man is a sacred thing for him who receives it," replied the vicar.

"I take upon myself the responsibility of your fault, answered the King, and I order you to tell it."

But John Welfin was an upright and just man; neither prayers, menaces, nor promises could obtain anything from him. The King, furious at his resistance, ordered him to be put to death.

Upon a dark and gloomy night, the poor vicar was dragged to the bridge of Moldau, to the exact spot where his statue is raised, and from thence thrown into the river. Since that, John Welfin, who was only a poor vicar on earth, is now in heaven the representative of Bohemia; that is the reason, my little Wolfgang, why I pray to him night and morning, for you and your sister."

Here the organist stopped speaking, for he perceived that his little boy had fallen asleep on his knee.

"See how weak he is," said the wife of Mozart, taking Wolfgang and beginning to undress him for bed, "see! and you would make him travel to earn his livelihood!"

"God is great, my dear Wife," answered Mozart; "he gives strength to the weak, courage to the timid, and success to such as have faith in him; to-morrow I will set out with my children; to-morrow you will cause three masses to be said at the chapel of the Virgin of Loretto, and three others at the church of Maria Pario, two at the altar of St. Francis of Paula, and two at the parish of our great saint John Nepomucene, and with all that we cannot fail of success; get our bundles ready, Wife, for when the sun rises to-morrow, we shall be far from here."

"The will of God be done," said the good mother, obeying her husband.

One evening, at Vienna, there was a grand concert at the palace of the Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, wife of the Emperor Francis the First.

A most brilliant company had met together in the saloons; nothing was to be seen but plumes, diamonds, embroidered coats, and dazzling robes. Suddenly, to the great aston-

ishment of every body, a man dressed very simply, followed by two children, appeared at the door of the principal saloon.

The countenance of this man was respectful and modest, that of the children was bolder. They did not appear to be intimidated in the least by all the fine lords and great ladies, who surveyed them with curiosity.

"Is this the organist of whose wonderful children all Vienna is talking?" asked the Empress, of the master of ceremonies.

"Yes, madam," answered he, and I can assure your Majesty that there is nothing to equal them. I heard them yesterday evening at the French Ambassador's, where I had the honor to be invited. The little girl is astonishing, but the little boy is a perfect wonder.

"Let them begin," said the Empress.

The master of ceremonies requested Mozart to seat his children at the piano; the organist conducted them to the instrument, before which he seated both of them. The young Frederica was dressed in a white embroidered silk dress, and the little Wolfgang had a coat of lilac cloth with a vest of moire of the same color, both being embroidered with wide gold lace.

Frederica commenced. Her execution was so perfect, so brilliant, that every one was in ecstasies over the pale and delicate child; when she had finished a concert of praise arose around her.

"That is nothing to what my little brother can do," said she to those who complimented her; and the young girl watched with maternal attention to see that her brother was well seated at his ease, and so raised that his little arms should have full play.

Then the little boy, smiling on those around him, rested his little hands on the keys, and without effort, without appearing to doubt that his talents would excite general admiration, he let his little fingers run over the keys, and come and go. They seemed to play with the keys which they flew over, and drew each time from them pure, sonorous, sad, and harmonious sounds. All eyes were fastened on those little fingers, so agile, so delicate, and playing with so much expression; the most skillful leader of an orchestra could not have possessed to a greater degree than this child the knowledge of harmony and modulation. Admiration and interest filled every heart; the key-board was covered with a napkin, and the boy was so accustomed to the keys, that he played under the napkin with the same precision and rapidity. The Emperor, the Empress, and the whole Court were enchanted.

When Wolfgang stopped, out of breath, tired, and his poor little forehead covered with perspiration, the Empress made him a sign to come and kiss her; he got up to obey her, but made giddy by the lights and the praises of the crowd, and still stiff with having been seated so long, at the first step he slipped and fell. A young lady ran to him and lifted him up.

"You have hurt yourself, poor little dear!" said she with the utmost tenderness.

As if dazzled by the beauty of this lady, the child was silent for a moment, then recovering his voice, and pressing in his two pretty little hands the slender hand which had raised him, he exclaimed.

"You are very beautiful, Madam, I want to marry you."

A burst of laughter greeted his words, but without being disconcerted, the boy resumed:

"My name is Master Wolfgang Mozart, what is your name?"

"Mine? Maria Antoinette," answered the young lady, in a voice which went to the heart.

Alas! this woman whom the child Mozart chose so ingenuously, was the Archduchess of Austria, the future Queen of France; the poor girl was not so fortunate as to be destined to become the wife of Mozart. Later, on the day when the great composer was publicly crowned and saluted by the applause of the whole population of Vienna, that very day the young and beautiful Maria Antoinette, the Queen of France, the wife of Louis the Sixteenth, mounted a scaffold.

Such is fate. God holds it in his power, and hides it from humanity; but be it what it may, sad or happy, a good conscience consoles the unfortunate, or heightens the happiness which may be possessed.

But to return to our young hero, seated for the moment on the knee of the Empress, he received from her royal hand bon-bons, flowers, and precious jewels.

"How warm he is!" said the Empress, wiping the brow of the little musician with a handkerchief of perfumed cambric; you must be very tired, my little boy!"

"No, madam," said Wolfgang, chewing a sugar plum, "I am so glad to please Papa, that I never feel tired."

"Dear little soul!" answered the Empress, "you love your father very much, then?"

"Oh! Madam, he is so good; he never scolds me."

"You must be a very good boy, then."

"Oh, yes, but then it is so easy to be good;

I have only to do as Papa wishes, and then I am always good."

"But you must get very tired with playing on the piano."

"Well, sometimes it does not exactly amuse me, but my father says one must not do only what is amusing."

"Do you know that if you go on, you will be, one of these days, a great musician?"

"I hope so, Madam; when I am grown up, I will write operas, grand operas. Oh! how happy Papa would be if he could see his little son crowned."

"And you would be happy too."

"When Papa is pleased, I am always happy."

By thinking thus, a young man is sure to make his way, and attain his aim. I have shown you Mozart, as a little child, playing with marvellous facility, and the admiration of all Vienna; he went thus, with his father and sister, all over France, Italy, England and Germany; everywhere he was admired, everywhere he obtained the most precious praises—those which his father addressed to him every evening, as he lay down to sleep, thanking

God for having given him two such children as Wolfgang and Frederica.

At fifteen years of age, Mozart being at Milan, composed *Mithridates*, which he caused to be played at Milan, and which obtained the most brilliant success. The young and precocious composer rested from his toils, when his fingers were wearied with tracing his notes on paper, by leaving music, notes, pens and papers, and turning somersets in the middle of the room. It is usually the best and happiest dispositions that preserve the longest those feelings of youth and childhood which do honor to the greatest men.

Thus began Mozart. The little musician became a great man, and a great composer. He passed through many misfortunes, it is true. Then the artist was not, as now, in a well assured position; for who now is not proud of having heard Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Boieldieu? who is not proud of having seen Paul Delaroche, Deveria and Vernet? who does not boast of having spoken to Scribe, to Delavigne, to Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, or Alexander Dumas?

S P A R E D .

BY MRS. C. MARIA LANDON.

MIDNIGHT hung brooding o'er my soul
With pinions cold and dark;
Swift turbid waters had almost
Engulphed my shivering bark;
Life hid from me her face, and death
Stood panting to receive my breath

But one strong, earnest, loving heart,
In that sad hour of need
Sent up to Heaven its anguished cry,
To spare the bruised reed;
The Merciful gave heed, and spoke
"Peace" to the waves that o'er me broke.

And so my weary soul returned
To consciousness again,
To life with all its beauty,
Its fickleness and pain,
To all that makes this world of ours
A garden filled with tear-stained flowers.

Then followed long and fearful days,
And nights of sleepless dread,
And still one watcher, calm and pale,
Was ever near my bed;

From eve till morn, from morn till even
He seemed a minister from Heaven.

How shall this feeble form repay
Such tenderness and care?
Or how this trembling heart give out
The incense smouldering there,
Where Love and Gratitude combine
To sanctify the humble shrine!

My Father, grant that I may be
Some little help to him,
That as we tread through coming years,
Earth's pathway, rough and dim,
We may walk safely, hand in hand,
Up, toward a holier, happier land.

This world is full of loveliness,
The flowers are very fair,
And clouds of melody and balm
Burdens the Summer air,
But still my spirit yearns for Home,
Where sin and changes do not come.

Canton Pa. July 25th. 1857

OUR NEW LITERATI.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

NO. 4.—THOMAS BAILY ALDRICH.

THE Tennysonian influence is largely apparent in the poetry of the present generation; not to the exclusion of other and comparatively more powerful elements, but in so great a measure as to make its presence felt more decidedly than them all. That is to say, the rich and sensuous and excessive wealth of imagery; the speculative turn of reasoning; the occasional assimilation with the sympathies of the masses—denied as a part of the poet's business, generally—and the elaborate finish with which every thought is rounded—all of which we find characteristic of the *Laureate*—are peculiar to the poetry of our day, just as certainly as cleverness and conceit, more than originality, marked the era of Dryden, and outburst and vigor, more than any particularly careful regard to finish, came in with the early English poets.

One poet is sufficient to stamp the character of an age. His impress, if he be true, is not the overflow of a succession of foreign accumulations, but an exact interpretation of the sympathies that, contagion-like, are transmitted from individual to individual, until a whole community, or country, or world, has become susceptible to the influence. At different periods this intellectual surcharge has been alternately one of mere preparation, of sudden outburst, of youthful strength, of mature finish, of declension and cleverness, of revival, of conceit, of sensuousness. It is not for the poet, or any man, to originate or set in motion this contemporaneous agitation of the world of thought; he, as one of a higher mould, a finer organization, and with a keener instinct, though affected in like manner with others, is gifted with so much of foresight and overpowering susceptibility as to become, of necessity, a forerunner in the movement, an arranger, an epitomizer. In the degree that he fairly interprets and faithfully represents the laws of his own individual epoch in the incessant diffusion thus operating, will he live up to the duty of his holy calling, and become the representative or reflex of the period.

In the verse of Chaucer we especially remark the outbursting and uprising of the muse from a long period of desolation; while we again

denote its culmination and full maturity of strength, in the vast, imperial Spence, and the universal Shakspeare. Again, we find it sadly fallen into decrepitude as it labors through the lumbering enthusiasm of Congreve, of Davenant, of Rowe, and the heavy, prosaic Addison; while at a later period we again find it bursting forth with something of its olden vigor. So is it with particular countries. How does the swart Scot loom up in the Titan, Burns; the delicate and sensitive Italian in Petrarch and Tasso; the wild magnificence of the hunter of the Hartz in Schiller and Goethe!

The representative of the present age, by a logical and similar course of reasoning, is he whose influence is most apparent in it; whose coloring tinctures the verse of most of our young poets; and whose peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, more than any other man's, are suffered to fall into open and needy hearts; because he, more than any other man, in those peculiarities and idiosyncrasies interprets directly and truthfully the various sympathies that by the electrical current and the mystic law of intercourse each day are transfused to the remotest member of society. Had Shelley lived, it is to him we should be compelled to award the crown now placed on the brow of Tennyson, for with all the strength and ethereality of Tennyson's nature, it is but the continuation and perfection of the Shelleyan original. By a beautiful metempsychosis the soul of the delicate poet of Alastor and Adonais seems to have passed into the only one fit to perpetuate that sublime intelligence, and become indeed glorified in the transfiguration.

The rich and sensuous exuberance of Tennyson is repeated and re-repeated in the young bards of England and this country. We regret, for the sake of the good name of American literary originality, that our own bards should so sensibly stumble into the footsteps of any one not indigenous to our own soil, but, with the facts before us of such an intellectual sympathy as we have been discoursing, it becomes something more than a question of country, which man shall he be whom the ages will delight to echo? We have had, and still have, bards whose names shall be heard

through all Time, but our giant Milton and Shakspeare are probably yet to rise, and will not until the current of thought which now suffuses the two nations shall have become again changed, and a more impetuous and daring stream, as we have concurrent reason to believe it will be, shall have taken its place.

We have introduced these suggestions on the peculiar influence of Tennyson's poetry, and the susceptibility of surrounding intellectual conditions—without which it would never have made way—to its overwhelming force, because of all our young poets, he whose name we have placed at the head of our present article, appears to have become the most thoroughly imbued with its spirit. We cannot say that this infusion has always been for good in our author, as it has denied him the power to illustrate what originality he may possess. We do not doubt that he is a man of strong purposes, of real intellectual vigor, of the finest susceptibilities, and of the most unflinching integrity, and that the pure poetic essence, the inherent glow, "the vision and the faculty divine," has been communicated to him in a measure proportionate with any other living poet of his age or condition: nevertheless, his strength is comparatively that of a man imprisoned; rules and principles have placed him under shackles, and his words come to us not as expressions of genuine feeling excited by real events, and excoitated through actual experience, but as attempts at a production of similar effects, through an affected enthusiasm, and a mechanical imitation of their forms of utterance, without a sensibility to the genuine fervor through which they were inspired.

Aldrich is one of the youngest of our rising poets—younger by several years than any other we have yet introduced into these sketches. And yet, three, or four, or five years must be taken from his present youthfulness before we reach the extreme youth which ushered into being his first poem. Many rich and beautiful offerings he has already brought to the feet of the muse; and his future career may well be considered promising. The poem which first attracted any marked attention was his "Babie Bell," which has already received its full measure of favor. The opening is well turned, though not very ingenious, and is marred with a certain affectation:—

"Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar;

With folded hands and dreamy eyes
She wander'd out of Paradise!
She saw this planet like a star,
Hung in the depths of purple even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-wing'd seraphs go,
Bearing the holy dead to Heaven!
She touch'd a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
And all the air grew strangely sweet;
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours!"

Here is a beautiful thought:—

"The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise!
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And wok the chords of joy and pain,
We said, 'Sweet Christ!—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain!'

There is too much, however, of the "dainty," "Babie," and "Paradise" in the poem, unless we consider it, not only as an extremely youthful effusion, but as intended "for infant minds," which we suppose it is.

There is more force in Aldrich than in his brother-poet and friend, Stoddard, or any other young poet of the modern school, excepting Boker, and perhaps Read and Cornwall. He has also more affection, and less suggestiveness, though the poem of "The Moorland"—one of the most perfect for its brevity that Aldrich has yet written—is full to overflowing with the latter quality. It is not very well known, and we quote it entire:—

"The moorland lies a dreary waste;
The night is dark with drizzling rain;
In yonder yawning cave of cloud
The snaky lightning writhes with pain!
And the wind is wailing bitterly.

O sobbing rain, outside my door!
O wailing phantoms, make your moan!
Go through the night in blind despair—
Your shadowy lips have touched my own!
And the wind is wailing bitterly.

No more the robin breaks its heart
Of music in the pathless woods!
The ravens croak for such as I,
The plovers screech above their broods!
And the wind is wailing bitterly.

All mournful things are friends of mine—
That weary sound of falling leaves!
Ah! there is not a kindred soul
For me on earth, but moans and grieves!
And the wind is wailing bitterly.

I cannot sleep this Autumn night;
The ghostly rain goes by in haste,
And further than the eye can reach,
The moorland lies a dreary waste!
And the wind is wailing bitterly."

Will the reader mark the long and desolate roll of the lines in this poem?—the corresponding sympathies of the moods with the storm that goes—

“—through the night in blind despair”—the sadness that is without pleasure—the shadows that give us no sign of opening, saving to a more terrible darkness, and the searching bitterness of the cry at the end of each stanza, as if that, in its oft-repeatedness, more than all else, held the sorrow and despair close to the heart that “makes its moan” so piteously. Intensest melancholy pervades the entire picture; ghostly shadows stand up in fearful distinctness before the self-accusing spirit. Carls Domini’s “Penance” suggests not a more despairing sadness; while the sombre mists that overhang the full picture of moorland waste, and driving storm, with the hopeless burden of the melancholist, are as fine in tone as Salvatore ever painted.

Heaviness of spirit, however, is not a characteristic of our author. His poems are cast in a lighter mould generally; and even when dealing with Death, it is in a gayer and more hopeful spirit. “A Legend of Elsinore” is a sweet, sad poem in this strain. We regret to see it occasionally disfigured with harshness and forced expressions that have no business in the narrative. A page, or troubador calls to a lady, who is watching for her lover beyond the sea, to leave the flowers she is watering with her tears,—

“The groups of heliotropes
That faint on thymy slopes,
The daisies in the dew,
The violets and the pimpernels,”

and listen to a ballad he has made for her, of the Lady Maud, who in like manner had sat and watched, and wept among the crags of Elsinore :

“From the dixy castle tips
She would watch the silent ships,
Like sheeted phantoms, coming
And going evermore;
While the twilight settled down
On the sleepy little town,
On the gables quaint and brown;
That had shelter’d kings of yore.

Her blue eyes drank in the sight,
With a full and still delight;

For it was as fair a scene
As aught in Arcadie;
Through the yellow-headed grain,
Through the hamlet-studded plain,
Like a trembling azure vein,
Ran the river to the sea.
* * * * *
And so oft she sat alone,
In the turret of gray stone,
Looking o’er red miles of heat,
Dew-dabbled to the sea,
That there grew a village cry,
How Maud’s cheeks did lose their dye,
As a ship, once sailing by,
Melted past the sapphire lea.

‘Lady Maud,’ they said, ‘is vain
With a cold and fine disdain
She walks over mead and moor,
She wanders by the sea,—
Sits within her tower alone,
Like *Euone* carved in stone—
Like the queen of half a zone—
Ah! so icy-proud is she!’

* * * * *
But she passed by with a stare,—
With a half unconscious air,
Making waves of amber froth
Upon a sea of maize;
With her large and heavenly eyes
Looking through and through the skies,
As if God’s rich paradise
Were growing upon her gaze.

Her lone walks led all one way,
And all ended at the gray
And the ragged, jagged rocks,
That tooth the dreadful beach;
* * * * *
Maiden Maud would stand alone,
And the sea with inner tone,
Half of melody and moan,
Would rise up and speak with her.

And she ever loved the sea—
God’s half-uttered mystery—
With its million lips of shells;
Its never-ceasing roar;
And ‘twas well that, when she died,
They made Maud a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide,
‘Mong the crags of Elsinore.’

The ballad ended, the singer sings to the lady:—

“You have the rhymes I made for you;”
and she, with a trembling fear at the terrible
and ominous narration, replies:—

“And they are sad as funeral bells!
They chill my blood. O Launcelot,
I fear I am like your ‘faire Ladye’—

I watch for my lover here by the sea!
The May has come, but it brought him not:
He said he would be home in May:
We were to walk in the young May moon!
Its crescent turned to an orb. 'Tis June,
I am weary of waiting day by day!"

Then we have a beautiful illustration of the ineffable sweetness and delicacy with which a true poet can turn a difficult suggestion, and the grace with which he can unravel a comparatively hard or *cornering* subject. How full of sensitiveness is the following—how full of suggestiveness! How much more is inferred—or call it explained—in the hidden meaning that is but just insinuated, than in the most artful or complex elaboration! It is a fitting ending to so beautiful a poem:—

"I pressed the hand she had given to me,
And turned and stared at the twilight sea;
How could I speak of the ship that was lost
A month ago, on the English coast?"

We know not that Aldrich has revelled in the gorgeous magnificence and sensuousness of the Orient, saving in books—we believe he has not—but he has certainly withdrawn from his Oriental authors an entertaining fund of Oriental knowledge; and steeped his imagination in the richest Oriental luxuriosness. It is not the real experience; but from the rich coloring that our author has thrown over it in several Eastern pieces, it may pass. "The Sultan's Journey to Ispahan," which has been quoted more widely than any other of its author's poems, is overflowing with this exuberant and gorgeous luxuriosness. It is a very outburst of the most rapturous appreciation of Eastern extravagance, gorgeousness, and voluptuous ease. The feast that Rose-in-Bloom prepares for the Sultan is remarkably characteristic. It betrays, exactly, Leigh Hunt's "super-refined epicurean nicely."

"The New Pythagoras," one of the longest of Aldrich's poems, is also not far from the best. The metempsychosis from the Pine to the Oriole, we cannot forbear transcribing:—

"Quick as a thought, I flew from zone to zone,
Singing alone!
My voice was softer than a south-west wind.
The deep-toned utterances of bassoons,
The light-touched dulcimer's delirious swoons,
The wedded dulcetness of all rare tunes—
Whether the soughing of the sedgy seas,
(The many muffled voices of their shells!)
Or the dull hum of honey-seeking bees,
Or the low tinkle of the violet bells
Which only ring for fairies—all of these
Were discord to the magic of my note.

*Soft airs celestial trembled on my wings,
Sunshine and dew upon the scarlet rings,
The rainbow round my throat!"*

In an equally fanciful vein is "The Bouquet." It is delicate, graceful, and ingeniously turned:

"* * * The only glimpse I've had of May,
Thus far, has been this sweet bouquet,
Which, over miles of land and sea,
The little girl has sent to me!"

* * * * *
Tulips! they are like her breath,
As sweet as fancy fancieth!
Like the whiteness of her bosom
Is the Lilies' snowy blossom;
Hearts-ease! Ah! the maid was sly!
No one needs it more than I.
Ease of heart! Ah, well-a-day,
She took all I had last May!
So, to keep her in my thoughts,
She need not send Forget-me-nots;
For, if I should press my face
Against the Poppies in this vase,
Till poppied-languor on me creeps,
The thought of her would fill my sleep!
But all my wit cannot disclose
Why she sent this budding rose;
The half-blown bud, the red eclipse,
Is like to nothing but her lips!
So from the modest Rose I'll take
A feast of kisses for her sake!"

We have drawn thus largely on the poetry of Aldrich, not simply because of its excellence, which is in itself its best criticism, but because of the limited introduction that as yet has been given it, and the scattered and precarious existence it leads in magazines and newspapers.* The extracts we have given may afford a fair estimate of his powers, though we see evidences in a few late pieces of a more sonorous tone in his fancies, a happier and stronger individuality, and greater originality. "Passing St. Helena" is of this character. "The Snow Miracle" will be pleasantly remembered by many who have read it. "Madam, as you Pass us by," although characteristic of our author, is of that characterization which is not his own. The poem is nearly enough like Tennyson to be of him. One stanza:

"Time has taught me pleasant truths!
Lilies grow where thistles grew;
Ah! you loved me not. This maid
Loves me. *There's an end of you!*
Time has taught me pleasant truths."

Mr. Aldrich's connexion with the *Home Journal*, has been of advantage to that favorite

* A volume of poetry of Aldrich is in the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, to be issued the present season.

sheet. His fine mind, and comprehensive acquaintance with literature have given it increased interest. We learn that Mr. Aldrich is under a vigorous course of Dramatic and Elocutionary tuition, preparatory to reading his

poems in public. If he delivers them in the full, rich, graceful, musical style in which they are written, he will hold his audiences spell-bound by the hour.

NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING is lost; the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In Summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away

Nought lost, for even the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne, on breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
In some remote and desert place,
Or 'mid the crowded homes of toil
Sheds usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust,
By the March winds disturbed and tossed,
Though scattered by the fitful gust,
Is changed, but never lost;
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with verdurous diadem
Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quenched, the flame put out,
Still cling to earth or soar in air,
Transformed, diffused, and blown about,
To burn again elsewhere:
Haply to make the beacon blaze
That gleams athwart the briny waste,
Or light the social lamp, whose rays
Illume the home of taste.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of some mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot,
But leave some trace upon the mind,
Pass on, yet perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to;
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay;
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless alway!

Then, since these lesser things ne'er die,
But work beyond our poor control,
Say, shall that suppliant for the sky—
The greater human soul?
Ah, no! it still will spurn the past,
And search the future for its rest,
Joyful! if it be found at last,
'Mong the redeemed and blest.

WHAT'S A FAIR OR NOBLE FACE?

I.
WHAT's a fair or noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see!
Eyes may catch from heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby light recall;
In the home for love to dwell,
One good feeling's worth them all.

II.
Give me Virtue's rose to trace
Honor's kindling glance and mien;
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty is where these are seen?
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall!
In the home for love we know
One good feeling's worth them all!

LOVE AND PASSION.

BY HATTIE N. GRAVES.

"I wish he were dead—I do! I hope he may never enter this house again, alive!" and even as the rash words were spoken, the lips that gave them utterance quivered, with a half suppressed fear that the dreadful wish might be realized, and the little pale, nervous woman, sank down upon a chair, and gave vent to a burst of passionate tears—half of anger and half of penitence.

Adela Raymond was neither so young nor beautiful now, as ten years ago when she stood, a proud, happy bride, beside him who had won her pure, girlish heart, and pronounced those solemn vows, that, through weal or wo were to bind her to him alone through life; yet, away down deep in her heart there remained a green spot, where love still grew as bright and fresh as in her sunniest days, save when the rank weeds of passion asserted their supremacy, and for a brief season seemed determined to root out the more gentle and unassuming, but deeply rooted plant.

And if the disappointments, trials, and vexations of life ever render woman pardonable for irritability or ill-humor, surely Adela Raymond could claim the excuse. Scarcely two years of wedded bliss had been enjoyed, ere William Raymond—under the pernicious influences of those with whom his business obliged him to associate—began to tread the downward path, which, sooner or later, without divine efficacy, leads to irretrievable ruin.

When first the fatal truth burst upon Adela's startled vision, the shock seemed too great for her sensitive nature to bear, and her heart appeared utterly crushed beneath its weight of wo. But life's thread is sometimes very tenacious—it will stretch on, and on, through long years of sorrow, ere it snaps asunder.

And so, Adela, when the first shock had passed, nerfed her soul to bear with strength and fortitude the impending fate that she feared awaited her, and then in earnest, tearful accents, daily besought her loved husband to shun the wily tempter that was fast winding his insidious coils around the poor, deluded, unresisting victim.

Days and months lengthened into long, weary years, and still Adela continued her pleadings, and not a harsh nor unkind word escaped her lips: she understood enough of human

nature to know that what love's persuasive eloquence cannot overcome, severity can never conquer.

But, alas for man's frail powers of resistance when temptation's alluring bait is spread before his longing eyes—frailer far than ever woman's has proved to be since the day when it required a stronger than *man's* persuasion to induce her to partake the forbidden fruit.

William Raymond heeded not the tears and entreaties of her whom he had pledged himself to love, and to cherish, and each succeeding year saw him sink lower and still lower in that pit of degradation, at the bottom of which yawns a drunkard's grave. Business was neglected, accounts forgotten, and work of any kind abandoned for the bar-room, the gambling saloon, and ball-alley, where alternate day and night found him with his even more dissolute and wretched companions. Poverty soon came striding apace over his threshold, then gaunt, grim want, until all that remained of former luxury—and almost of comfort, had gone to satisfy the demands of hunger.

Then it was that Adela's long-tried patience gave way, and frequent and violent were the storms of passion that burst from those lips which had ever breathed nought but of love and tenderness.

Ah, she had forgotten to ask patience and wisdom of Him who hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee,"—had forgotten to kneel, as she used in infancy, beside her pious mother's knee, and pray for strength to bear the heavy burden of her afflictions. She had ever been a fragile flower—wholly unfit by nature to bear the chill, rough winds that poverty now swept mercilessly over her, and yet for many long months the toil of her delicate hands had been the only means of support for herself and three helpless little ones, aye,—and had, oft times (through fear) furnished her unfeeling husband with the means of procuring the exciting beverage, the effects of which sank him beneath the brute.

It was after one of these cruel demands upon her slender earnings had been made by the unfeeling husband, that Adela gave vent to the exclamation which opens this little sketch.

Raymond had just left the room where his wife was pursuing her wearisome toil, with

half the proceeds of her last week's labor in his own indolent hand, but had not reached the outer door, ere those rash, bitter words fell upon his ear. Had he been intoxicated then, he would have turned back and retorted—perhaps with blows; but for once he happened to be perfectly sober, and a sudden and stern purpose instantly entered his mind, which a dogged resolution enabled him to carry into effect.

"Her wish shall be gratified—I *never will* 'enter this house again alive,' so help me God!" and with the oath upon his lips, and a curse in his heart for her whom he had driven to the utterance of that terrible wish, William Raymond turned his feet from the home which his own vile passions had made wretched.

Darkness shadowed the earth, Cynthia sat high upon Night's sable throne, and yet the husband returned not; and there—in that scantily furnished room, by the dusky light of one small lamp—sat Adela, straining her tear-dimmed eyes to finish the garment upon which she had been stitching since early dawn. The non-arrival of her husband did not alarm her, for very often were his nights spent in those gateways to eternal ruin through which thousands annually enter but to plunge into the dead sea beyond.

Often was she obliged to lay down her work, for the tears fell so thick and fast as to blind her entirely; for memory was busy at her heart, and, in the gloom and darkness of that little room, she was living over the last ten years that had been added to her young life.

Away back, through the long vista, she beheld a fair, fragile girl, the only bud upon the parent stem, and so all the more tenderly cherished, surrounded by every appliance that parental affection could suggest, until another came and bore her away, to be cherished and worn on his bosom, as she then thought, to the end of Life's journey. Again in memory she wept over her father's grave—that kind father, who, had he lived, might now shield her from cruel want; again she saw her dear, sainted mother bear bravely up for a short season against the cruel stroke that swept the means of her support into the pockets of greedy creditors, but at length, sinking down beneath consumption's fatal gripe, until her loved form was laid beside that of the husband and father, and she was left to tread her future, dark, dreary path, with none to counsel, encourage or assist.

Then she thought of all the sorrows, and privations, and sufferings of the last few years, and all caused by him who once professed to

love her more than life—him who she felt that she still loved more than all things else, even though in a moment of anger she had uttered the dreadful wish that he were dead, and as that fearful imprecation rose up before her she shuddered lest it might be fulfilled.

"Oh, if he *should* die before I ever see him again, I could not survive the pangs of regret that my rash temper had caused me. God forgive me that terrible sin, and I will try henceforth to set a seal of patience upon my lips," and instinctively, ere she was aware, Adela dropped upon her knees, and poured out her soul, to Him who alone is near when all other help fails.

Ah, when all other inducements fail, the rod of affliction is often used to drive us to the mercy-seat.

O, the peaceful calm that fills the soul after yielding up *all* into our Father's hands—the sweet abandonment of resting upon His bosom where alone is fulness of joy. Adela felt all this, and, as she laid her weary head upon her pillow that night, she resolved to commence a new life; and if she could not be the means of reclaiming her erring husband, she would instruct her children in those paths that eventually lead to eternal life. She arose in the morning, and knelt again, and prayed for strength to support her in every trial that might lay before her that day, and then calmly prepared to enter again upon her unceasing toil.

And Divine strength was needed. Towards night a letter was brought her by the penny-post, and with trembling hands she broke the seal and read as follows :

"Adela, yesterday you wished me dead, and if your wish cannot be immediately granted in full, it shall in part at least. I have shipped on board a 'man of war,' and will never trouble you with my presence again. WILLIAM."

Adela gave one wild shriek, and fell fainting to the floor. Her little children clung, frightened and crying, to her inanimate form—believing her dead—but the eldest, a bright, noble boy of nine years, with the thoughtfulness of maturer age, brought water and bathed her face and chafed her hands until animation was restored, and she sat once more in her chair with all the depth of her misery pictured upon her pale face.

Not one word or token of love, or even regret at parting from her who had borne and suffered so much for him—with no thought of wife, or children, or home, in his heart, save of these rash words that his cruelty had called from her,

lips, he had gone—gone *never* to return. And she had driven him away. O, what would she not now give to recall him once more to her side—how she would work day and night for him and utter no complaint.

Away down, deep in Adela's heart, rippled Love's pure stream—it was only passion's murky waters that gushed so hastily to the surface, overflowed reason's boundaries, and as quickly subsided.

Ah, 'tis not until the loved, though erring one is torn from our embrace that we realize how sacred was the place he filled in our hearts.

After the keenness of the first hour's agony had passed, during which Adela suffered enough to atone for a lifetime of thoughtlessness, she remembered Him who had not refused His consolation the previous evening. Into His ear she now poured the depth of her sorrows, and, in answer, these words were sweetly whispered to her bursting heart: "I will never leave nor forsake thee." A calm, trustful resignation stole gently over her soul, and she began to prepare for a future course of action.

There were a few brave hearts who had stood nobly by her side when misfortune's adverse winds swept over her devoted head, otherwise she could not, with her feeble health, have kept starvation from her door.

Thank God, there is not a spot to be found, on any enlightened portion of His earth, where *all* are Summer friends—who pass away with the sunshine of prosperity. In every place there may be found a *few* who seem to realize for what purpose their Creator placed them here, and gave them the means to do good, though—alas for poor human nature!—the number is far too small. Through the exertions of these friends Adela was supplied with as much sewing as she could do, and liberally paid for her labor, and her little Willie was engaged as errand boy for one of the city merchants, who paid him a small salary—enough to furnish his clothes the first year—the next it was doubled, as the merchant found him faithful and trustworthy; so that Adela, with the expense of her husband removed, now gained a comfortable support for herself and little ones.

But a deep grief sat heavy on her heart, and almost weighed her down to earth, and only by Divine aid was she enabled to keep up her sinking spirits, and pursue her daily labor.

Three years passed away and no tidings of the absent husband had been received, when one of the city dailies announced the intelligence that the "Ship Columbus"—the one in which William Raymond sailed—had been

wrecked in a terrible gale, and "all on board had perished!" He was dead then—her rash wish had been granted—he had died without knowing how deeply she had repented, how much she had suffered, and how dear he still was to her loving woman's heart. These were the thoughts that rushed upon Adela's mind as she read the terrible lines. No human power could now alleviate the keenness of her anguish, no earthly consolation pour the healing balm into her torn and bleeding heart. One and one alone held that power in His hands; to Him she applied for succor, and the application was not made in vain.

Until now she had lived in the hope that her husband would one day return, and give her the opportunity of proving her great love, but now all hope died out of her heart, and she would surely have sunk down beneath this accumulation of sorrow, had not her Heavenly Father been near with His all-sustaining arm.

Two more sad, dreary years rolled by, and then there came one who had been the playmate of her childhood, and offered her his protection and the heart that had been her's ever since those juvenile years, though he had judiciously shunned her presence during all her wedded life. But no, she had no love to bestow; it was all, all buried beneath the green sea wave, never, never again to be awakened to a new life.

Had her husband died a natural death, at home, where she would have had the consolation of administering to his dying wants, and smoothing the dark passage with words and offices of love, time might have healed the wound, and she might have eventually bestowed upon her childhood's friend a second love.

But *now* the attempt to win her would be worse than useless, and so, with the assurance of her friendship, he left her, feeling that never *here* could he be permitted to enjoy the companionship of her whom he had so long loved.

A few weeks after this event, Adela Raymond sat one evening in her little, neat and comfortable, but scantily furnished room, with her children around her. It was Saturday night, and the labor and toil of the week had been laid aside for the higher duties of preparing the mind for the coming day of rest—the God-appointed Sabbath—which He requires all His children to devote to His service.

A little table stood beside her, upon which lay the well-worn family Bible, that her mother had bequeathed to her upon her death-bed with the solemn injunction to peruse its sacred pages often, that from them she might derive

consolation in any of the various trials or afflictions that beset life's changeful pathway.

Adela had just finished a chapter upon the sufferings and death of our Saviour, and was enforcing upon the minds of her children the great duties we owe to God for thus giving His Son a ransom for us, when a loud rap at the door started her to her feet, and on opening it, a haggard, emaciated man, clad in coarse, but clean garments, stood before her.

"Adela, have you forgotten your erring, but repentant husband?" and the arms of the weary-worn man was stretched towards her.

"William! my husband! God be praised!" and she sank fainting on his bosom.

The story is soon told. William Raymond, with three others, had clung to pieces of the wreck, and after three days' suffering on the raging sea, without food or water, they were floated to a desolate island, and there, for two years, had sustained life with fruits and roots, and such fish and game as they could procure. Then they were discovered by a passing vessel, their necessities attended to, and they eventually arrived in New York, where each was provided with the means of returning to his native home.

We will not attempt to describe the rejoicings of the long estranged husband and wife, that they were once more permitted to unite here on earth; the imagination of the reader can paint them in truer colors than the pen could portray.

It was not until William Raymond found himself at the mercy of the waves, with the prospect of speedy death before him, that his heart softened towards his long-neglected wife. But in those two days, while floating between life and death, he had lived over his ten years of wedded life, and in them he could find noth-

ing of wrong with which to accuse her; conscience, true to its mission, constrained him to acknowledge himself alone the guilty one; and he there vowed to his God, that, were his life spared to return, the future should fully atone for the past. And there, too, on the boisterous waves, he had called upon Him who alone is able to rescue from death, Him whose name had never before dwelt upon his lips, save with irreverence and profanity; and through those two dreary, desolate years, he had not forgotten often to call upon His sacred name, and implore Divine assistance.

And now there they sit—the past long ago forgiven, and now all forgotten in the blissful present.

O, never ascended more fervent thanksgivings to the Great Throne, than were poured forth from those two reunited hearts on that eventful evening, and never a happier, more loving pair travelled side by side to the end of life's journey.

William Raymond, now wholly cured of his thirst for the intoxicating beverage, and relying upon a Divine arm for strength, and upon the sweet smiles of his gentle, loving wife for encouragement, entered again upon the business avocations of life, and ere ten years had passed, he, with his noble, manly boy—William Raymond, Jr.—as partner, became the wealthy owners of one of the largest mercantile establishments in the city of Philadelphia.

And all through coming years, whenever any of those petty vexations and annoyances which must sometimes unavoidably intrude, even upon the happiest household shrine, tempted Adela Raymond with an impatient thought, the memory of those five long years of sorrow, and of her narrow escape from a widowed life, checked it ere it found way to her lips.

EVENING SONG.

BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

Cloudless skies are bending o'er us,
Fair before us
Wave and land;
Sunset hues are round us glowing,
Zephyrs blowing
Soft and bland.

Oft in happy hours departed,
Joyous-hearted,
Hand in hand,
Have we watched the sunset fading,
Twilight shading
Sea and land.

As the light that softly shineth,
Slow declineth
Ray by ray,
Joys we deemed as fadless treasures,
Earthly pleasures
Passed away.

But why mourn for moments vanished,
Pleasure banished—
Withered flowers?
Joys that fade not like the even,
Hope and Heaven
Still are ours.

LOOK OUT!

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was Thanksgiving at the parsonage.—That day which is always memorable for the short, but triumphant reign of turkeys and turnip sauce, of pumpkin pies and plum preserves.

We had had a descent of country cousins from the first to the fifth generation, and Jane, with some trepidation, had gone into the pantry, where she was abundantly reassured by a survey of her shelves, covered with rows of mince, and cranberry, and pumpkin pie, to say nothing of her recollections of two fat turkeys, and several fine chickens, whose complexions were at that moment undergoing a transformation to the orthodox-brown, in the kitchen oven; beside this, she had a comfortable consciousness of possessing various concomitants in the shape of sauces and salads, puddings and preserves.

"Well, if they can eat all that at one dinner, they'll never eat another, that's sartin," was the triumphant conclusion of Jane's survey, as she hastened off to see if Miss Ethel had "beat them are eggs enough," it being understood that once in the year I must, *nolens volens*, put aside my pen, and be pressed into culinary service.

But this Thanksgiving day dawned amid very agreeable auspices over the plethoric parsonage. The elder Maltby's sat round the fires, and told anecdotes, and talked of old friends, the living and the dead; for alas! Thanksgivings have many guests that are not counted with the seats at the table, and the fireside. The younger ones romped and shouted in obstreperous freedom through the house, as it was understood the day granted them immunity for any amount of noise and mischief.

After we returned from church, where, it was generally conceded, Uncle Gerald preached a remarkable fine discourse, Ruth and Jane went about setting the table, which was no small task, while I withdrew with the younger portion of our guests to the parlor, and we soon became absorbed in "Hunt the Slipper," "Puss in the Corner," "Blind Man's Buff," &c.

I was very happy, very merry this Thanks-

giving, and entered into the children's enjoyment with a heartiness that surprised even myself.

The last two years had not been outwardly *very* eventful to me; and yet looking back I felt they had been a source of some nourishment. The journey which I had made with Philip the previous Spring, to Ohio, and from which I had not returned until Autumn, forms the most prominent feature in those two years, as I look back on them. Philip was still absent, he had had a serious fall while skating on the river with some of his classmates the Winter before. Confinement to the house had been almost intolerable to one of his active temperament; and as he was hardly able to return to his studies in the Spring, his physician strongly recommended a journey for him.

"It will do both the children good," said the parson to his sister, "and then, Ethel will be obliged to put aside that endless writing for awhile. I think I'll post them off to Uncle John in Ohio."

Philip was quite beside himself with delight at the idea of going, and I was scarcely less pleased with the thought of beholding the prairies.

Uncle John was a wealthy farmer, who resided near Cincinnati, in a wide, old-fashioned homestead. His children were all married, and Philip and I met with the most cordial reception from him and his wife. To be brief, we had a delightful visit, and learned much in experience and observation, as one can, if he have the will, from almost all circumstances in life.

I returned home, with some friends in Cincinnati, leaving Phil behind, who was so enamored of the West that he persuaded his father to allow him to remain until Winter.

The one shadow that stole across the brightness of this Thanksgiving was the thought of his absence. Since the death of Mrs. Holmes, I had heard nothing of her relations. There were times when a stray feeling of the old tenderness across my heart, and then I longed to see him, and to tell him I was not the false, perfidious woman I knew that through life he

must deem me. But he could only be satisfied of my innocence, by learning Irene's sin; and the memory of her death had prevented my entertaining a thought of ever exculpating myself in his eyes.

Then, as Alison's mother once said, I had learned, under God's teaching, that greatest of life's lessons, "Peace;" the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang in that new garden of my heart, which was fairer because of the Winter and the rains.

There was a great shouting and scampering, for we were in the midst of "blind man's buff," and with a handkerchief drawn tightly across my eyes, I was groping about the room endeavoring to grasp some of the little heads that managed to elude me so dexterously.

Suddenly I heard the door open, and a deep hush followed the noise and the laughter, broken only by an occasional titter.

"Who's there?" I demanded. There was no answer for a moment, and then a pair of arms were drawn suddenly around my waist, and a voice I recognized in a moment, "Catch me, Ethel."

I tossed off my handkerchief, and looked up in the laughing face of Philip Maltby.

"Why Phil, you darling fellow, how glad I am to see you," I cried, giving him a true sisterly hug.

"That's right, Ethel!" he said, warmly returning it. "The fact is, I believe my olfactories got a sniff of aunty's chicken-pie, away off in Ohio, for when you wrote me Thanksgiving was appointed for the twenty-eighth, I couldn't stand it any longer. So last Friday I just packed up, and hurried off; and here I stand at your service, with a sound body, and an alarming appetite for roast turkey and mince pies, at this present speaking."

Philip's return made our happiness complete. It seemed as if all the hearts that gathered around that Thanksgiving dinner might say, "It is enough;" Uncle Gerald's did, certainly, in the blessing he asked there, so eloquent and tender that it drew tears to all our eyes.

Thanksgiving dinners are the only fashionably late ones in which the country people of New England indulge, and it grew dark while we sat and chatted about the table. Just as Jane brought in the lights, (it is strange I remember it so vividly) Philip turned around and said to me, abruptly, "Oh, Ethel, I must tell you; I travelled nearly two-thirds of the way home in company with a young South Carolinian, a first-rate fellow, with whom I became well acquainted in a short time. He was a student

returning to Yale, late in the term, because he had been home to visit a cousin of his, who was married last Spring, in Italy, to Alison Holmes."

My heart gave a sudden bound, and Aunt Ruth a little shriek of surprise and a glance of alarm at me. I motioned to Philip to proceed, certain that neither he nor our guests had observed my emotion.

"Well, it must be the one that visited here so long ago, for on inquiring I learned that he was a widower, and his first wife's name was Irene Woolsey. By the by, too, her brother's wife, that I've heard you talk so much about, is dead."

"Meltha Herrick! she isn't dead?" springing to my feet.

"Yes, she is too, she died of consumption, last Summer, in Germany. Dear me, Ethel, how white you look!"

No wonder I did, when I could scarcely get up to my own room. Meltha and I had not corresponded for several years, but the fault was entirely on my side. After my engagement with Alison was broken, it was necessary I should, as far as possible, ignore all old associations, and I could not inflict upon myself the torture of reviving them by writing her. Then, her marriage had prolonged my silence, because I was confident, from her husband's manner when I was at Mr. Herrick's, that he disliked me, and although I now comprehended his reasons for this, still I could do nothing to neutralize his prejudices.

But I had always loved sweet Meltha Herrick, and the shock of her death was a severe one; so, certainly, was the news of Alison's second marriage. It cost me many a pang, not like the old ones, but then, pangs that were hard to conquer. I did not so much love Alison, himself, as I felt my woman's need for loving somebody, and he stood, for a sign and token in my soul. I had outgrown him, but my heart had learned no new song, so its memories clung to him. He was simply the incarnation of my first love-dream, and perhaps no woman is ever altogether indifferent to him who is this.

"The children have sent up by me a most urgent petition that you will come down and have one more game with them, before they go to bed," said Aunt Ruth, as she came into the room softly.

She did not speak of Alison, but the way in which she stroked my hair, said very plainly "I am sorry for you, my child."

I was very much disinclined to return to the

noisy mirth down stairs, but I knew Philip and the company would be pained at my absence, so with a great effort I answered her, "I will go down, Aunty." And the sacrifice brought its own reward.

It was the last day of Summer again, and sitting where I sat five years before, I wrote the last word of my third book.

It was very unlike my first one, both in plan and detail, and I had devoted twice as much time and study to it.

I looked off, at the flush of clouds low lying in the West, and sighed, and wondered afterward why I sighed.

"I'm sure I have everything I want," I mused. "The Sun won't go down to-night upon a human being who has greater cause for gratitude than you, Ethel Lindsay. All the dreams of your girlhood are realized; laurels and loving friends have been granted to you, and how you ought to lift up your hands and say reverently to your God, from the depths of your soul, I am satisfied."

And then I rose up, and walked across the room, thoughtfully; "I can't say this, God forgive me, my heart doesn't say it," I mused. "There's a craving, and a dull aching here that all these things *cannot* satisfy. I wonder what it is! I think sometimes it is a great longing to love somebody, as I *might* love, and to be so loved in return.

"But the men I see do not approach my ideal standard; pleasant acquaintances, dear friends, even, some of them are, but there are none to whom the inner doors of my heart ever swing open.

"Some time, I suppose people will call me an 'old maid,' I don't mind this, but I dread the walking alone through life, the bearing down to the grave this great ocean of tenderness unfathomed, unappropriated!"

"And yet I know that now yonder Sun is setting upon the man before whom my soul would rise up, and say, 'My lord and my king,' and God help us both if we must go groping on through our separate life-paths, never looking upon each other, unless it may be beside the cool flowing of our Father's fountains on high. Fame, and Fortune, and friends never satisfied the heart of a woman. I see it all now; and love is the one great solemn reality of life, and wo be to that woman whose heart says to all men, sadly and forever, 'Not you! not you!'"

And then I sat down again, and the tears ran through my fingers, ran down on the pages I

had just finished with so much care, and blurred the writing. I did not mind, then, I should hardly have cared if one had taken that work of many wearisome days and nights, and thrust it into the flames.

And while I sat there weeping God's angel passed that way.

The door bell rang suddenly. I scarcely noticed this the first time or the second, but when I heard the third summons, I recollect that Aunt Ruth had spoken at dinner about some calls she must make that afternoon, and Jane said she must run down to the milliner's for her new bonnet. Probably I was now quite alone in the house.

All this flashed through my mind in a moment. I sprang up, bathed my flushed face, and hurried down stairs.

"Miss Lindsay."

"Mr. Woolsey."

I believe we spoke our names simultaneously, and then we both stood still looking at each other, I in dumb surprise, and he from a variety of feelings I did not comprehend; I spoke first: "Will you walk in, Mr. Woolsey," extending my hand.

He took it, and it struck me that an expression of keen pain passed over his face. "Thank you, with your permission, I will intrude upon your time half an hour, as I have some important messages for you."

We went into the parlor together, I in a good deal of surprise, and some curiosity.

"You recognized me then, at once," I said, for want of something better to say, as we seated ourselves. His deep, strong, steady, eyes—eyes before which, it seemed to me, from the first hour I saw them, anything mean, or false, or wrong must shrink away self-accused, and convicted—searched every lineament of my face. "Yes, you are not altered in the very least, that I can see, certainly you do not look a day older than when we parted."

"Uncle Gerald says I have found the fountain of perpetual youth," I gaily resumed, and then I thought, and added, "But I haven't, not even that of perpetual peace," and sighed. The same expression I had observed in the hall crossed his face again, and the manner of each toward the other was cold, and constrained, for I *felt* that his estimate of me must be a very low one, and that it must always remain so.

We were both silent a moment, and then he spoke rapidly. "You have heard of—that Mrs. Woolsey has left us?"

"Yes, glancing at his mourning, I learned it

about six months afterward, and I was greatly shocked, greatly pained, for I always loved Mrs. Woolsey as I had very few on earth." That still, stern face warmed and brightened with a smile to which, oh, Clyde Woolsey! all things beautiful seems cold and tame. "Did you, indeed! I cannot tell you how grateful, how *glad*, correcting himself, I am to hear it! And you will know now that this affection was warmly reciprocated, for she spoke of you very often during the last day of her life."

"Of me! of me!" with the tears starting into my eyes.

"Yes, and it is to fulfil one of her dying requests that I am here to-day, Miss Lindsay. My Meltha retained her consciousness to the last, and she said to me, not more than three hours before all was over, that your face had been haunting her the night before, looking down on her, to use her own expression, with the clear, far off light in your eyes, and the old drooping forward of your neck, so like the lilies in the brook under the great mountain at Pine Wood. 'How I wish I could see her?' she murmured many times."

"Then not more than half an hour before she ceased speaking, she drew off a ring from her finger. 'Clyde, my husband, when I am gone, and you return to America, promise me that you will see Ethel Lindsay, and give this to her, and tell her to wear it for my sake, for I loved her always!' And I promised her," and the gentleman drew a small, daintily carved pearl box from his pocket, and gave it to me.

I opened it; there was a plain, but very heavy gold ring inside, and seeing this I buried my face in my hands, and forgetful of the man before me, sobbed very bitterly for Meltha Herrick.

"She is in Heaven, Miss Lindsay, she was very glad to go, even though the world was so bright to her," said at last, deep and solemn, the voice of Clyde Woolsey.

Then he gave me the details of her last hours, and I knew he had spoken truth when he said, "Meltha was in Heaven."

I still felt that lingering interest for Alison Holmes that we always feel in those who have at one time been all he had been to me, and I wished especially to learn something of his wife, so I asked with a little hesitancy, it may be with a conscious blush, "I suppose you see your brother in-law, Mr. Alison Holmes, occasionally. Is he in America now?" My guest started and winced as a man does when suddenly stung; then he looked at me a moment, with something of pity, and sorrow, and self-

abasement in his eyes, that I could not at all comprehend.

"I saw him last Spring in South Carolina?" I wanted to inquire about Alison's wife, but remembering who her predecessor had been, a feeling of delicacy restrained me. This question, after a pause, opened the way.

"Have you heard anything of him, since his return from France?"

"Only that he was married again."

His brow lightened. "Ah, you knew this then?"

"Yes, have you seen the lady, and whom is she like!"

"Like a great many other women, pretty, and petted, and spoiled, with no great depth of character, and yet warm-hearted, and impulsive; altogether a very graceful, charming little body."

"Alison always was very fond of beauty," I said, and then I sighed, hardly knowing *why*, and then I looked up, and met those penetrating eyes fastened on my face. It flushed a little, for I remembered Clyde was with us at Mr. Herrick's, and probably knew of my engagement. So I went on to speak of other matters, about the beauty of the season, &c.

"But won't you remain to tea, Mr. Woolsey, I am expecting Uncle, and Aunt in, every moment, and they will be most happy to see you."

"Thank you, I cannot think of it. I leave to-morrow morning in the first train, and join some friends at noon for a tour to the White Mountains."

I accompanied him to the door, wishing, I could not tell why, that I could say something to prevail upon him to stay, but my wits were never very fertile in devising expedients to meet contingencies of this kind. I being usually in the predicament of the unfortunate Hibernian, who could think of plenty of smart things to say, only it was always too late.

Mr. Woolsey gave me his hand at parting, with a deference which I had never seen him manifest toward any human being, and which greatly puzzled me. Then he looked a moment, earnestly and mournfully, into my face. Good bye, Miss Lindsay. May God bless you with his best gifts.

And he went on. Ah, if we two, so misapprehending each other, could have put aside the veil, but the *dead* had drawn it between our hearts. I stood in the door looking after him as he closed the gate, wishing and half believing he would turn back. Then something entered my heart, I cannot tell to this day what it was, or whether I was really con-

scious of my own actions, but I hurried down to the gate, and called out, or rather, a voice in my heart called out "Clyde Woolsey come back to me."

The words reached him, for he was but a few rods from the gate. He turned and walked back quickly, with a great deal of surprise in his face. I was overwhelmed with confusion, not knowing what to say, or what reason to assign for calling him. I remember the temptation came over me very strongly to run away, but this would have been equal to ocular demonstration of my insanity, so I stood still a moment, and then,—

"Mr. Woolsey, excuse me, but can't we be friends, for Meltha's sake?"

His face glowed with surprise and pleasure.

"Do you really wish this, Ethel Lindsay?"

"To be sure I do," almost as much surprised at myself, as I was at him.

The thin, clearly cut features worked a moment as he looked down on me. "I had not expected this request of you," he said, "and happy and honored as I feel on receiving it, there is an element in true friendship, which I fear can never enter into ours!"

"What is it Mr. Woolsey?"

"Perfect confidence."

"He means that he can never trust me, and I can do nothing to alter his opinion of me," flashed instantly through my mind.

"True, very true," I answered, more to myself than to him. "There cannot be perfect confidence between us."

"Yes, there can be—there shall be," he said suddenly. "It is a duty I owe to you Miss Lindsay, after what you have said; with your permission I will return into the house a little while."

There was something in his manner that strongly impressed me, and with a feeling of strange awe and solemnity, I accompanied him up to the house. The sun had set, but the golden twilight lay all about us; the last smile of that dear day, whose life had been like the lives of some women, serene, and pure, and beautiful. At the door I met Jane. "I've got back at last, Miss Ethel," she said apologetically; "but they were so hurried I had to wait for my bonnet at the milliner's; and your aunt has just sent Deacon Merwin's boy, to have you come over there and take tea with her. He's at the back door now."

"Well, Jane, tell the boy to ask Aunt and Mrs. Merwin to excuse me this evening, I have company, you see;" for Mr. Woolsey had gone into the parlor, apparently much agitated.

When I entered he was walking up and down the room. It was several moments before he seemed able to command himself sufficiently to speak. At last he came up to the chair where I sat, and leaning over me, whispered: "*Ethel Lindsay, you remember my sister's death bed?*"

I started, and a suspicion which robbed me of all power to speak, began to dawn on my mind. So I sat there staring helplessly at him.

"*I stood in the hall adjoining her room, and heard her confession to you!*"

"Oh God, have mercy upon us both!" I gasped, shivering in every limb, and yet my prayer, just then, was more for him than for myself.

What happened next I cannot remember, only some time later we sat together on the sofa by the window, with the night deepening about us, while Clyde Woolsey talked to me.

"What I suffered then, what I have endured since, God, who reads all hearts, can alone know. There has not been a day or an hour since that time, that I would not gladly have yielded up my own life, to have righted the foul wrong that had been done you!"

"And then, when after searching for Alison Holmes a year, I met him under the chestnut trees by the river, and told him all, feeling that at last justice would be done you, and I learned that he was the husband of another, my faith in God for a time almost deserted me. The bitterness of a thousand deaths could not have been like the first hour of that knowledge.

"And from this coming to you, I need not say how I shrank—how the very thought made a coward of me, even as guilt makes cowards of us all; for though the wrong doing was not mine, was it not my sister's?"

"I dreaded to look in your face, to read in the sweet sadness of your very smile, how your life had been maimed and blasted, and to know that I could make no reparation.

"But my promise to the dead could not be violated."

I felt then how keenly he must have suffered with his high, almost morbid veneration for truth and honesty of heart and life, with that abhorrence of wrong or falsehood ingrained in his very being, and I looked at him with mingled pity and admiration.

"Well, I am glad you have come, Mr. Woolsey," I answered, "and thus afforded me an opportunity of telling you that my life has not been all maimed and blasted, and that most likely it needed this discipline; you know the

day is often fairer, and more fragrant, because of the showers in the morning."

Again that smile, brightening down suddenly upon me, and warming down into my heart like sunlight. "Your words will be a great comfort to me. Do you know I almost feel now, as if I could say, what you said at her death-bed, what my heart certainly never has said, 'Irene, I forgive you.'"

"Oh, you *must* do it," I cried. "Do we not hope that God will say this to us for far more than we ever can say it to mortal?"

"Ethel Lindsay, are you a woman or an angel?"

"Well I imagine you'd think I was a woman, and a pretty *spunky* one, too, when I can't have my own way exactly," I answered, with a laugh flashing up through my tears.

But Clyde Woolsey's face was very solemn, as, taking my hands, he said, "Well, for your sake I will forgive her."

"And now we can be friends."

"The best and truest."

Afterward we talked of other matters. Jane had brought in lights an hour before, and came to inform us the fifth time, with a somewhat injured air, that supper was waiting. At last I prevailed upon Mr. Woolsey to go out and take a cup of tea, which he did for politeness' sake, but neither he nor his hostess felt much inclination to eat that night.

After we returned to the parlor he remarked, "I have read your books, and various other miscellany of yours, during the last two years," and then he added other words, which, coming from such a man as Clyde Woolsey, any woman would have remembered and said over afterwards, many times, with pardonable pride and delight.

"What are you writing now?" he asked. And I told him of the book I had finished that day.

"If you were only going to remain longer, I should like, with your permission, Mr. Woolsey to read some portions of it to you; your critiques will be so valuable."

"Thank you; when does it go to the publishers?"

"Not until late in October. It will be issued about Christmas, I suppose."

"And early in the same month I shall be in Springfield; and your home is not very far off."

"I shall be very happy to see you here, then."

Mr. Woolsey did not remain late, for he had made an appointment to meet an acquaintance

at the hotel, and the stage which was to bring the gentleman came in at nine o'clock. And so Clyde Woolsey and I parted, as dear friends do who hope before many moons have waned to meet again; and for days afterward I thought of little beside his visit to me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was October again; and that day was one of the fairest, serenest, completest that ever crowned the month. The rich, hazy mists lay low on the hills, the golden corn waved by the stone hedges, and the barberries, those gems of Autumn, were strung thick on the bushes.

"What's ailed you all day, Ethel?" asked Aunt Ruth, with a smile, as she met me pacing up and down the front hall after dinner.

"Why the day's perfectly enamored me of its beauty, and I'm a little restless, and absent minded, like all persons in love."

"Well, you know what Gerald says, that you don't have half enough out-of-door exercise. Supposing now you take down that basket of barberries that Jane gathered this morning, to old Aunt Betty?"

"I guess I will, for I can't see enough of the face of this day, or take its beauty too closely into my heart."

Two hours later I was walking slowly up the long, shady road, that led past the old mill, whose appearance presented that strange combination of isolated picturesqueness which all old mills do.

"I wish all days were like these," I murmured to myself, as I listened to the soft wind panting among the corn fields on one side of me, while beyond them stood the forest, among whose elms, and oaks, and maples, fluttered a few yellow and crimson patches, and these were set for a sign that all might read.

"But we shouldn't appreciate its beauty at all, then," answered a voice at my shoulder, and turning round sharply, I looked upon Clyde Woolsey.

"Why, where in the world did you come from?" I questioned in my surprise.

"From the parsonage half an hour ago, where I have been having a long and very agreeable interview with your Aunt. Instead of following her directions, however, I came across the fields, and so overtook you here. You remember I said I would return to hear some of your books."

"Yes, and I am very glad to find you remembered it;" and then we talked of a variety of matters which the day or the circumstances suggested; of his visit to the White Mountains,

of the pale green moss round the roots of the trees by the wayside; of the color of the Autumn skies, of mankind, and metaphysics, and lastly of God, in whom dwelleth all these. It was near sundown when we reached home; my heart had been quieter, happier during this walk, than it had been for a long time. I said to myself, "It is because of the day."

"We shall have a glorious sunset." We halted at our gate, and I pointed to the clouds, a bright mass of purple and gold, with flashes of deep red, gathered up into the western sky.

"Yes," answered my companion, and I felt something mournful in his tones; "but I expect to see grander sunsets than that before the Autumn is over."

"You do; where?"

"On the ocean, and in Europe. I expect to leave America next week."

Did my heart bound and sink at those words, or was I only slightly dizzy? At all events, my voice was very calm as I remarked, "I thought you intended remaining in America for some time."

"So I did; but recent circumstances have changed my plans, and one purpose of my visit here is to inform you what these are. But as you promised, I wish very much to hear the opening chapters of your book; and we shall have but little time for this, as I must leave to-morrow."

I had entered the gate with a very light heart; it was but a few yards to the front door, and yet, when I reached it, my heart was no longer a light one.

Clyde Woolsey took tea at the parsonage that evening. The minister and his sister were very glad to have him for their guest; for they recognized in him now, a noble, high-souled gentleman; though the fact of his relationship to Irene, had at one time prejudiced even their charitable hearts against him.

After tea, I read to them all for an hour—no matter now what he said of my book. Then Aunt and Uncle had some calls which took them from the room, and Clyde and I were left alone.

"Will you come and sit by me, Ethel? I want to talk with you," added our guest, with that sort of abruptness so characteristic of him, and so unlike other men.

I went at once.

"It is the last evening we shall probably ever pass together this side the grave; I want to make one confession to you to-night, which seems something like a reparation; no, not

that, but after all, it is something, for I am a proud man, Ethel Lindsay, and you can never know what it costs such an one to say to a woman 'I love you,' when he is as certain of a rejection as he is of his own life at this moment. And yet, now, God and the angels being my witness, I do say these words to you, Ethel Lindsay; *I love you*—I love you, as I never before loved any woman, as I never can love another. I have not the shadow of a hope. I should not have, even if I did not know that your heart was given to another, for I could never expect you could entertain a stronger feeling than friendship for the brother of one who had so wronged you. Indeed, I do not believe there is another woman on earth who could do this. And now, looking back, I believe that I loved you from the beginning, for I know you interested me more than any other person had ever done, on that evening when I first conversed with you. But from the hour that, transfixed and overwhelmed, I listened to Irene's dying confession, and heard your words of forgiveness and hope to her, you stood alone, transfigured, glorified, above all women; still, it was not until my visit here that I learned all my weakness and your power. Yes, I feel a mournful pleasure in saying the words, Ethel Lindsay, *I love you*, knowing, too, that the husband of your heart, as he should be of your life, had you not both been so foully wronged, is Alison Holmes, and that, with such a woman as you, to love once, is to love forever. Next week I shall leave America; you can easily divine the reason why. Sometimes, Ethel, when the Atlantic plunges wild and wide between us, will you not think kindly of the man who loves you with all the depth, and strength, and tenderness of his manhood, and yet so hopelessly?"

I did not answer Clyde Woolsey, simply because I could not. I rose, and walked across the room—it may be twice—it may be half a dozen times. My brain was in a vague whirl of doubt and bewilderment, through which the light was slowly breaking—had been breaking with every word he uttered. At last I saw clearly all my thoughts and feelings concentrated, for a time, upon this new light, and then I went back.

"I see at last," I said, looking up in his face, "God has just told me, through you, that my love for Alison Holmes was not the love of my life, only that of my girlhood. It is past now; it has gone out of my heart; it is a dream. This also is vanity."

One glance he flashed into my face—a glance

that swept my soul, and then, with a low, deep "thank God," he, that proud, strong, self-controlled man, sank down at my feet; he laid his head in my lap, just as a little tired child might have lain his in his mother's; his whole frame shook,—oh, none but his mother had ever seen such tears as I saw fall from the eyes of Clyde Woolsey.

I did not speak all this time—I only passed my fingers over the crisp dark hair that lay on my lap, and wished I could comfort him.

At last he drew away both hands and held them fast, and some time afterwards he looked up and said, "Now, Ethel, I can go—oh, I can die in peace. This has been the canker and the bitterness in my heart; the feeling that your life had been so darkened and blasted, that trust in God might give you strength and resignation, but that, after all, you must carry to your grave a broken heart. Thank God again, it is not so. Oh, I can go happily now."

And while Clyde Woolsey thus spoke, another truth, radiant, sublime, *had been* rising in my soul, and pouring its light, like new wine into my heart.

I leaned down and whispered, "Clyde Woolsey, is it because of me, you will go to Europe?"

"Yes."

"Then stay for my sake."

He looked up, and whatever of confirmation the words needed, he found it in my face. Then he rose up slowly, and drew me to his heart. "Ethel, my Ethel!" he whispered, so low, so falteringly, that if you had stood in the other corner of the room you could not have heard him; but those words married our souls forever and ever.

Of that time, perhaps the less that I say the better; for I have no wish to be either heroical or sentimental. I only believe with Miss Muloch, that about one marriage in a thousand is made in heaven. It is one of the dark mysteries which we shall see plainly in the light of the hereafter, that so few find the true partner in this world. I remember that I said to Clyde that "God *must* have intended us for each other." And after three years of wedlock, my heart says those words as solemnly as it did on the night of our betrothal. And sitting there then, and looking back on my first one, I felt all the infinite difference between the love of a girl and the love of a woman, and understood Clyde when he said, "Meitha was my first love, the wife of my youth, tenderly cared for, and cherished to the

end, but *you*, Ethel, are the wife of my manhood, my crown and my glory." So, in both our hearts the great ocean was sounded at last.

Finally Jane put her head inside the door. "Miss Ethel," she said, "they've been waiting a whole hour for prayers."

We went out together; Uncle Gerald and Aunt Ruth sat in their accustomed places—he with the old family Bible on the stand before him; they both looked up as we entered the sitting room. Clyde led me to the minister, and simply said, "We love each other; will you give her to me?"

And when he had recovered from his first surprise, for Uncle Gerald was a man of much self-control, he laid his hand on ours, and said, "The Lord be with you, my children."

"Oh, I am *so* glad you are come," I cried, as Aunt Ruth's soft footfalls came into my chamber, where I had been sitting on the bedside, it seems to me an hour, it might have been five minutes. She came up to me with a loving smile in her moist eyes, and I buried my head on her shoulder.

"Were you surprised, Aunty?"

"Yes, and we, my child, had felt for a long time that your heart would yet take up a new song; but I did not think Clyde Woolsey would be the one to teach it to you."

"Yet you are satisfied, you and Uncle Gerald?"

"Perfectly, my dear. He is better suited to you—he is more of a man than Alison Holmes, brother says."

"To be sure he is; and you need not feel a shadow of anxiety when I go away from you."

"How soon will this be, Ethel?" and there was something in her tones, that made me hasten to reply.

"Oh, not until next Spring, Aunty. We have settled it to-night. Clyde is to go West, to see about the disposal of some lands which belong to his father, and he will probably not be back before the middle of the Winter, and you know this could not take place until the birds and the flowers come. So, Aunty, I am going to learn how to make pies and puddings, cakes and custards, and do all sorts of things before next May comes."

She smiled that quaint, indulgent smile that had always answered my childish fancies and follies. "Well, my dear, we'll talk about these things in the morning. It's so late, you'd better get to bed now."

"No, no," holding her back, "it is not late, Aunty." She held up her watch; it was almost two! Of course, I had no more to say.

But though I obeyed her injunction, and went to bed at once, I did not fall asleep until the "pale light" looked in faintly through my window, and I knew that another day had been born.

Clyde Woolsey did not leave until he had heard all my book, and somehow it took a long time to finish it—nearly a week—such a week as men and women do not often find in this world.

There is no single word in our English vocabulary that expresses so much of the character of Clyde Woolsey as this one—*power*; power of will, purpose, and of life. It is this, I believe, that magnetized me to him more than anything else. A woman never loves a man less because she feels she *might*, under some circumstances, fear him. Her womanhood demands his manhood—her weakness his strength.

I said this to Uncle Gerald, one day, when we were alone in the library together.

"Tell that to the Secretary of some Woman's Rights Society," he said, snapping his fingers in my face.

"Nonsense on these Woman's Rights pleas. Get them out of the rostrum, and pulpit, and half of them are the gentlest, most loving, submissive wives and pattern mothers in Christendom,—practically refuting their own theories. I tell you, Uncle Gerald, when a woman marries a man, she wants somebody to *look up to*—somebody greater and higher than herself; but Heaven knows there's precious few that find it."

"You think, then, this is a woman's ideal, and that you've found it."

"Yes, I know I have, thank God."

"I am afraid, Ethel, you expect too much. Clyde Woolsey is but a man, after all."

"I know it, Uncle, and has his faults, just as I have mine. But Clyde's faults are the faults of the strong—of those who govern. He has no pettinesses, and here how forcible is the contrast between him and Alison Holmes; I should always have had my own way with him—I shall not with Clyde."

"Alison had his faults, with most people, certainly."

"Yes, and I might have yielded very often to avoid his ebullitions of irritable temper, but never because I feared him. At the worst, he would only have scolded me, but Clyde would never do this; only his silent contempt would"—a pantomime, which I can find no words to translate, concluded the sentence, but it was sufficiently intelligible to the minister.

He laughed. "Well, Ethel, I guess you'll manage him, after all."

"No, I should have *managed* Alison. I shall influence Clyde."

And that very day a circumstance occurred which proved that I was not wrong in my estimation of certain qualities of Clyde's character. He and I were starting out for a walk, after tea, when I ran up stairs with some message for Miss Malthy, leaving Clyde at the front door.

"You'd better put on your bonnet, child," she said, as I left the room. "The dews are heavy, and I fear you'll take cold."

"Oh no I shan't; it's as warm as Summer, Aunty," and I bounded down stairs.

"Ethel, go back and put on your bonnet, please."

Clyde's tone was certainly a command.

"I like to walk without it, and I shan't take cold." He did not answer—he only stood still, looking at me.

"Well, I'll go and get it, Clyde."

I believe one cannot write well of great happiness, for my pen halts strangely over this time. Suffice it to say it was so blissful, so complete, that I often feared the present brightness would shut out from my heart the vision of that which "endureth forever."

Clyde did not go West until December, and he returned in March. We were married in May. How unlike was my quiet bridal to the gorgeous one my girlish imagination had often revelled in! There was no train of bridesmaids, no crowds of gay bridal guests, for the stranger could not intermeddle with our joy. Uncle Gerald, of course, performed the service; his sister, Clyde's parents, and a few very dear friends were the only persons present.

Mr. Woolsey's fine head and stately figure had grown a good deal older since I last saw him; but the old man folded me to his heart, and called me his daughter, in a voice that was heavy with tears; and I knew then he was thinking of the two bright heads lying under the Spring grass, which he had called so many times before.

We went to Niagara, and remained there a week. Then we glided over the beautiful waters of Lake Erie, when June had quieted them to a sleep peaceful as a child's on the breast of its mother. Returning, we visited the White Mountains, and passed several weeks among the wild, grand pictures of northern New Hampshire.

It was midsummer when we returned to the parsonage, and here I rested until Clyde brought me home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"GOING INTO THE COUNTRY."

BY CAPRICE.

THE great question, "where shall we go this Summer?" was mooted in Mr. Miller's family, and much discussion followed. Anna, and Selina, the two eldest daughters, who had most voice in the matter, were unanimous for Newport or Saratoga.

"But it is so expensive, my dears," said the careful Mamma, "now that we have a baby in the family, and her nurse, and I cannot think of parting with Bessie for Harry, he is so much trouble, nobody but she can take care of him; that makes four in the family for whom it is no manner of pleasure to go, but who *must* go, nevertheless, if we do, and be paid for."

Mr. Miller instinctively put his hand into that family treasure-chest, his pocket, and groaned in spirit.

"That's very true Eliza," said he: "Heavens! to think of the price I paid last Summer for those little cupboards we lived in!" Can't pleasure be got any cheaper elsewhere?

"Oh, father," chorused the girls, in horror, "there is no place worth going to, but those, unless, indeed, we went into the *real* country, where we always wanted to go, but you wouldn't."

"Any where but those fearful watering places?"

"So you really mean it? If we could all go into some sweet little country place, where we could have all the cream and fruit we want, and walk about with flat hats on, and milk cows, and rake hay, and pick flowers, and ride on horseback, just as the Downers did last Summer, you know, oh, it would be Heavenly!"

"It would be a very good thing for the children," said Mrs. Miller quietly, "and might do more good to these girls than a month of bathing, or drinking Congress water, and dissipation," glancing at her delicate daughters, whose slender forms and pale cheeks, certainly seemed to confirm her words.

"I am sure I am willing," said the relieved Papa. "We can go up to W——, where Fielding is going to take his wife and baby for the Summer; he told me to-day. He called it the loveliest place in the Union, a perfect rural Paradise."

"If Mrs. Fielding thinks so, it must be true," said Mrs. Miller, "Rebecca has so much taste, and is *so* particular."

"How far out of town is it?" asked Anna.

"She wants to know whether Edmond Lane can come there as often as he does here!" cried Miss Amelia, the third daughter, laughing at her sister's warning gestures.

"That is the worst of it," said her father gravely, "it is two hours' journey by car and one by coach, for the railroad does not reach it."

"So much the better," said Selina, "I am tired to death of the horrid noisy locomotives, and we shan't want to see them in that rustic place."

"But the expense of your coming down every day, my dear," hinted the prudent wife.

"Ah, well," said he, "we mustn't expect everything;" it is only a trifle to the outlay we should otherwise have made; and so the council broke up.

The girls, with the consent of their indulgent mother, who was as ignorant of country life as themselves, immediately began to prepare their rustic outfit, by buying pretty fancy muslins, and barego dresses, handsome riding habits, whips and hats, carriage dresses, "useful" silk aprons, tiny walking boots, airy morning robes, and supplies of what they considered the necessities of life, plenty of French gloves and slippers. This tasteful outfit was not intended solely to astonish country eyes, for all their young gentleman and lady friends had promised to come down and see them in their romantic retreat, and the girls had many visions of rural happiness. Anna, in the enjoyment of it with her fiance, who was to visit her often, and with whom she was to realize the dream of "love in a cottage." Selina in the prospect of the society of a desirable admirer who in staying there would be entirely at her mercy, removed from the snares of rival belles, and exposed to her daily fascinations. Both girls were besides in ecstasies of romantic enthusiasm for, "rural felicity."

The day arrived that was to begin it, and the family, accompanied by all the city comforts not to be done without, (including the baby's crib, a dressing table, lounge, easy chairs, carriage and horses &c.,) performed their railway journey in safety, and after procuring a wagon for their baggage, with infinite difficulty, left the depot for the rustic home. In rather more

than an hour, so tired, hot and dusty that they did not look at the scenery through which they passed, they entered the outskirts of a pretty village, so still and quiet that as their noisy baggage-wagon, the only other vehicle in sight, rattled over the grass-grown road, it did not seem to bring any of the inhabitants of the vine-draped cottages forth. The children suggested that they were all asleep, and the girls opined that the houses were so buried in vines, shrubs, and trees, that no noise could penetrate to them. They drove through the profound silence, speculating on which might be their destination; their friend Mrs. Fielding had engaged rooms for them at the same house in which she herself boarded, kept by a clergyman's widow, and "the largest, newest, most modern edifice" in the village. The size, number, and condition of the apartments, as reported by her, was most satisfactory, but they had not heard from her since her settlement there.

At the very extremity of the town, they drew up before the "modern edifice" a large square white house, so newly built that the mortar beds still remained in the yard, and packs of shingles adorned each side of the gate. Although surrounded by trees and shrubs, like the other houses, in such dense confusion that their darkness could not be penetrated by the eye, the mansion was judiciously situated just beyond the shadow of the smallest leaf on their boughs, and stood boldly out like a white glacier, in the full glare of the noonday sun. The original old building, less pretentious, but more comfortable, served as a back part to the new, and was coolly and richly shaded. They afterwards learned with feelings of the deepest sympathy for the victims—that this new addition had been built from the profits of previous Summer boarders—and was to be appropriately furnished by the spoliation of themselves.

From this tempting residence Mrs. Fielding rushed out with suspicious joy to greet them, followed by an elderly lady, hung in black on a very large scale, whose bland suavity, together with a painful attempt at gentility visible in her air and dress, rather disappointed their ideas of an honest, good-natured country hostess. They followed her into the house, and finding it to be indeed, as she told them, "long past her dinner hour," submitted to a mild refection of dry sponge cake, and weak lemonade, and went up stairs to change their dusty dresses, in the "large apartments" promised them.

"I say," muttered Harry, turning rebellious when he found no further refreshments were offered, "I want some of the milk—where's the milk?"

"Oh, certainly!" said the hostess, "the dear child shall have some milk! Jane!" and after much murmuring, whispering, and consultation with a thin servant girl in pink calico, a small tumbler of milk was brought in on a tray for the little boy. When this was gone, no more was offered, and the baggage wagon having arrived they proceeded to unpack their goods, and settle themselves in their new house.

The "large apartments" were square, ill-furnished rooms, glaring with white paint and plaster, and shaded by dusty green blinds; although a cool breeze was stirring, no breath of it came in through the thick palisades of trees, but on the white walls swarms of flies buzzed and bobbed in a most distracting manner. The carpets were much worn, and the beds furnished with mosquito nets, that, taken in connexion with the luxuriant vegetation, suggested painful fears.

After their own furniture had been introduced into the rooms, and made them look a little more home-like, the girls assumed their rustic outfit, and full of curiosity to see the "lovely village," went through it for a walk. Their gay dresses and loud exclamations of delight produced many staring eyes from the silent houses, and created quite an excitement among the drowsy population, especially when they passed the school-house, where the drowning hum of lessons was instantly suspended, while teacher and pupils with one accord rushed madly to the windows, and remained there as long as the last floating ribbon was in sight.

Their exertions were rewarded in an unlooked for way when five old ladies, with spectacles on nose, and knitting sheath on side, appeared to "stay to tea," evidently on a voyage of discovery. Something less than eighteen children, of both sexes, came on imaginary errands or on none at all, and young village maidens, in "sun bonnets," and narrow-skirted calico dresses, wandered past the house, with faces perseveringly turned to catch a glimpse of the mysterious strangers.

The girls faithfully walked every day for a week, till the total destruction of their delicate walking boots, and the tales of "snakes" in the neighborhood, deterred them. They also persisted in taking tea out of doors, in the garden, until the bugs, of all shapes and sizes, whizzing, flying, buzzing, singing, spinning,

that flew into their faces, the hairy caterpillars and roaches that crawled upon their shoulders, and the poisonous looking spiders and worms that dropped into their tea, discouraged them from this amusement. Getting up early in the morning to see the sun rise, gave them wet feet and sore throats, and staying out in the falling dew to walk, produced stiff necks and lame shoulders.

They could not *ride*, for Thomas, the coachman, refusing to bury his talents in the country, left them, and the only successor they could find in W—, was a stupid country boy, with whom Mr. Miller positively refused to trust his handsome carriage and horses. They were fain to harness the gentlest of the pair into a sort of light wagon, which their *Je-hu* procured for them somewhere in the village, and drive the fretting, and snorting animal about the country a few times, till he ran away, broke the cart, and severely injured himself. After this exploit, Mr. Miller took both horses and carriage back into town with him, and hired in their stead an ancient chaise, and an ancient horse, one possessing about as much vitality as the other, with which they made dreary journeys of three or four miles, which took them all day.

After one week's experience of a daily trip to W— and back, Mr. Miller declared that it was impossible for him to continue it. "It takes me from eight to eleven to get into town my dear," said he, "and from four to seven to get out here, which doesn't do. I really must stop it, and come to see you twice or three times a week."

It was therefore settled, and the second week he came home three times, the third, twice, the fourth, not until Sunday. After this defection, their fare, which had before been neither as good in quality or quantity as would be expected in the country, rapidly grew worse, until, the agreeable fictions of "country vegetables, fruit, cream and butter," being sent away, it became inferior to a second-class city boarding-house. "It was so hard to get any marketing in the country!" complained the hostess, and truly her table did not belie her words. There seemed no reasonable explanation, however, for its being so much worse in Mr. Miller's absence.

Finding the time hang heavily on her hands, his wife made no complaint, but took it philosophically, and sent into town for all the new books, a complete set of the Harper's novels, and a whole piece of muslin, and cambric to make up for the baby. She also wrote to all

neglected correspondents, and with Mrs. Fielding's society, and an occasional walk or drive, managed to live very comfortably.

The daughters found time harder to kill. They tried to read and sew like their mother, but those hot, white, fly-haunted rooms, made them too warm to sleep, and too sleepy to do anything else. Their mattresses also, they averred, from their exceeding hardness, must be stuffed with pieces of wood, old tin pans, toasting forks, and broken china; at any rate they were not agreeable to sleep on.

In the course of a few days they had relinquished all attempts at rides, drives, or walks, and were resigned to lounge about listlessly all day, and saunter through the village of an evening. When they heard that hay-making time had come, their enthusiasm returned, but their hostess had unfortunately no hay to make. She smilingly referred them to a neighboring farmer, who had a large hay-field, and they sallied forth under her protection, for permission to work in it. The astonished man offered his lightest rakes, and instructions for using them, but grinned fearfully when he saw them in use. Before noon his rakes were returned, and his amateur laborers retired in disgust. The sun beat down hot and hard on their faces and hands, the heavy implements made their delicate wrists ache, and the rude stares, loud whispers, and ill-concealed merriment of the laborers had quite cured them of their love for hay-making.

During the third week of their *captivity*, as it now began to be called in secret, among the sisters, Mr. Edmond Lane came down to spend a few days with the object of his affections. This enlivened them all, and they tried to amuse him from the vaunted resources of their rustic home. The first day of his stay, they went on a private pic-nic, and lingering too late among the forest shades, came home horribly stung by mosquitoes. The next day they attempted boating on the little river, from which, after moving out as far as Mr. Lane's arms, which were by no means herculean, would take them, and sitting with the full heat of the sun beating on their heads, and glaring in their eyes, an hour or two, they returned slowly and sadly home. On the third day they went for a walk through the village, whose loveliness could not be disputed, but they grew weary of its still life, and met no living creature beside the fowls and pigs belonging to the invisible inhabitants, except a pair of oxen, with closed eyes drawing a cart in which sat the proprietor fast asleep. Mr. Lane, roundly

pronounced it "slow," and even the country-loving sisters sighed and half believed him.

The next morning, after a moonlight conference on the front porch the previous evening with Anna, Mr. Lane announced his intention of returning by the morning coach, and did so, although he had intended to stay a week.—After he was gone everybody looked at Anna for an explanation, but that young lady was evidently sulky, and had besides a stiff neck, in consequence of exposure to the dew the evening before. She retired with great majesty to her chamber, where she sat alone with her stiff neck and her sullenness, and would admit nobody but Selina, who finally extracted from her indignant sister that Mr. Lane in the course of their conversation, the night before, had confessed himself "bored" with the place. To be sure she had charged him with being so, before he owned it, "but he should never have said it at all, and while I was getting a stiff neck sitting out in that horrid dew with him!" cried the indignant fiancee. She acknowledged that she had told him in return not to come to see her any more, in a place that bored him so, and regretted that she had not dismissed him at once; "she intended to do so, as soon as she felt able to write," with a burst of tears. With some difficulty Selina prevailed on her not to break off the engagement, or pursue the quarrel, until their return to town.

In the afternoon the baby was sick and engrossed all attention from Anna and every one else. The doctor, also the druggist of the village, was sent for and came, accompanied by a dark-eyed boy, his student and clerk, who seemed to know rather more about his business than his master. After this, though little Emily grew better, she continued delicate during the whole time of their stay, and the boy Charley, who had taken a great fancy for her, came constantly to see her in his private character, beside the regular "pill and powder" visits. The children, a collective way of speaking of Miss Amelia and Master Harry, much affected his society, and often went out to meet him when he came, or returned to the village with him. This was much more desirable for little Harry than the acquaintances he had made among boys of his own age in the streets, whose rustic breeding seemed to make them no less coarse and mischievous than the crowd of their city brethren with whom he was not allowed to associate.

During the fourth week of their stay no visitor appeared to break the monotony, to the evident uneasiness of Selina and her sister.

When Mr. Miller came out to them he was surprised at the discontent that prevailed. Complaints were made by every member of the family, except his wife who would not, Amelia who did not, and the baby who could not speak, but who cried at seeing him, as at seeing a stranger, in an alarming manner. He tried to calm the growing discontent. "In this sweet place if they couldn't be happy where could they be?" Significant coughs and "ahs." "Was the table miserably supplied? He did not see but it was good enough.—Couldn't they walk? Get thicker boots then, or ride. Besides, it was happiness to *breathe* in this sweet country air; think of him in the hot dusty city, at a crowded hotel."

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Miller in a startled voice, "do you board?"

"Why certainly!" said her husband: "Biddy is a nice good girl, but no cook, and has, besides, enough to do to take care of the house."

"But where does the coachman stay?"

"I have no coachman—haven't got one yet—the horses are at a livery stable."

"But do you mean to say you never go up home?"

"No my dear, you never requested it, and I never thought of it. If you wish me."

A universal cry interrupted him; his wife exclaimed that the house might have been broken into, and Biddy murdered, within four weeks, and the girls declared there must be piles of notes and messages awaiting them there, while the baby added her voice to the confusion.—Mr. Miller promised to go there instantly on arriving in town, and spent the remainder of his visit in trying to pacify the discontented. The next Sunday he appeared with a bundle of notes, as his daughters had predicted, mostly excuses from friends who had promised to come and see them. Selina, the worst of the malcontents, seized eagerly upon one superscribed to herself, in a gentleman's hand, and rushed up stairs with burning cheeks and sparkling eyes, to read it. Anna, finding no note to herself, from a repentant Lane, followed more slowly with her own share of the correspondence.

As she reached the door of her room, Selina flung the note violently away, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, this hateful old country! I might have known it! oh, dear!"

"What is the matter Selina?" cried Anna in great amazement.

"I've lost him! He's gone! That's the end of it! Oh, the ugly old country!" was the indistinct answer.

"Who is it? What is it?"

"William Morton," sobbed her sister, "he's gone to Europe, gone for a year, perhaps two, and I've lost him forever. There! Read the note!" The note set forth, in rather warm terms, that the writer had been to Cape May, Saratoga, and Newport, and found himself much bored at all, in the absence of Miss Selina; that he had tried to remember where she had retired, in order that he might come and spend his leisure there as he had intended, but had forgotten the confounded name of the place, couldn't find it out from the house-keeper, or find her father to ask him, or anybody else, and had concluded to join his cousin in a trip to Europe, to be gone a year or two. He concluded by hoping he should not be entirely forgotten in absence, and signing himself Miss Selina's obedient servant, "W. M."

Most people, judging from the general tone of this letter that the writer was a rather fast young man, not particularly worthy of any girl's regret, would not have much compensated Selina for the loss she had sustained; but all girls are not alike, and Selina valued the admiration and supposed affection of this gay young man more than she valued anything else on earth, therefore it was a great affliction to her to lose him so. She still continued to weep, after her sister had finished the note.

"I wouldn't cry about him, Selina," Anna said at last.

"No! oh, no! You didn't cry about Edmond Lane, did you? and I think as much of him as you do of Lane," with a fresh burst.

"I didn't mean to be unkind, Selina, but really I think you don't need to grieve over him. I'm sure this letter expresses more interest in you than I ever heard of his feeling for any one before. Indeed I don't think you've lost him."

"Yes I have," sobbed Selina; "I know just what he is; he will go away and forget me in a year, let alone two. If I only had been where he was this Summer I know I could have made him offer himself, and now it's all over, and he's gone! And it's all the fault of this horrid old country!" cried the mourner.

Anna soothed her sister as well as she could, but she felt that Selina knew him better than herself, and was more likely to be right in her estimate of him. The remembrance of her own wrongs came back, and she felt more than ever angry that this unfortunate trip into the country should have been the cause of both her own and Selina's unhappiness, and she

hated it accordingly. The two girls resolved in common council that even if they were obliged to go back and live for the remainder of the Summer in their own house, all alone, they would leave the hated country. They had no time during the rest of their father's visit to do more than broach the subject to him, but as soon as he was gone they confided their sorrows to their sympathising mother, and besought her to move back into town. Early in the week, by Tuesday or Wednesday evening, she was so far persuaded as to be on the eve of writing to her husband for his advice and assistance. She was decided, however, in her deliberations, in a way she did not expect.

Walking on by the orchard hedge, deep in thought, she was interrupted by familiar voices, whose tones she could not doubt, yet uttering words strange for them to speak, and strange for her to hear.

"Charley," said the girl's voice, "if we do go away so soon, (oh, how sorry I am!) promise me that you will come into town, and try to get a place there; perhaps Papa will help you; he doesn't know of our," she stopped and hesitated, "about our love for each other, but he is obliged to you for what you have done for the baby, and I would rather tell him all—I know he would do it for my sake—than leave you here, when I love you so! I know I never can be happy without you, after this!"

Was this Amelia, "that child of fifteen?" Poor Mrs. Miller!

"I'm afraid it will do no good, dear Amelia," answered a voice she recognized as that of Charley, the doctor's boy, "but it will almost kill me to have you go away, and perhaps never see you again!" Then followed the sound of kisses, and a murmur of low words, "exactly as if they had been grown up!" as the astonished mother said, in relating it to her astonished daughters afterwards. She wisely held her peace now, however, and stole away, but with true womanly curiosity could not refrain from one glimpse at the young lovers. She could see them by the pale starlight, sitting on the low stone wall, his arm around her waist, her head upon his shoulder, both perfectly oblivious of earthly things!

The elder girls of course were much edified by these disclosures, but being warned, said nothing to Amelia, who, when she came in at a late hour, was called up to her mother's room, from which she emerged a long time afterward, very humble and tearful. Nothing of the interview transpired, except that her mother told, with a smile and a sigh, that when she

had asked Amelia how a child like her dared think of such a thing, she had replied with some show of spirit that "Charley was *such a dear boy* and it was so dull in the country!"

Both the other victims of country felicity agreed to this proposition with a groan, and Mrs. Miller wrote to her husband that night.

In the morning the kind woman walked down to the druggist's, and under pretence of buying something, had an interview with Charley. No particulars of this transpired, more than the other, but when she left him the boy had tears on his dark lashes, and her own eyes were wet. The next morning Mr. Miller came down.

In half an hour's conversation with his wife his determination was taken, the landlady was paid, the baggage packed, and the whole family, without one sigh for W—, left it in the afternoon coach.

"I had to pay the whole Summer's board," remarked the husband, when they entered the carriage, "but with things in this state, I think it cheap to get off so."

"Did you tell Bridget we were coming?" said Mrs. Miller as they approached the house.

"No—I thought it so uncertain, I have not been there since you asked me to go. But good gracious what is the matter! look how the parlors are lighted up, and people coming in!"

"Let us leave the children in the carriage, and go quietly in ourselves," said his wife, "I suspect what it is; who would have thought it of Bridget!"

They entered their own door unrecognized, among a flock of strange people, all chattering in the Anglo-Hibernian tongue, and proceeded up the broad stairway in wondering silence. The drawing-rooms were brilliantly lighted up, the brown holland in which the careful house-keeper had enveloped her furniture for the Summer was taken off, and all the banished ornaments brought out and displayed. The card-tables were prepared, and on each centre-table stood an immense bowl of whiskey-punch! The intruders stood still in astonishment, but Bridget, who was near the door, perceived them and came forward. She was dressed in a beautiful blue silk from Mrs. Miller's wardrobe, tightly hooked over her robust form, and on her oily black hair was one of that lady's especial head-dresses. "Come in!" said she, extending a brawny hand in welcome, "Come in John! It's John Donahoe isn't it? Myself's glad to see ye, espicially jist now." The assembled guests broke into a roar

of laughter, and she continued. "It's what ye may call a convenient sason to resave me frinds, whin I'm keepin' sich a grand house as this, all alone, and the masther and missress is gone into the country!"

"Not exactly!" said Mr. Miller coolly, and advanced towards her as he spoke.

"O, mina murther!" shouted the hostess, rushing past him down stairs. Her guests followed her example, and within five minutes the house was cleared, while the owner and his wife, standing in the empty drawing-room, looked at each other, and in spite of their vexation broke into a laugh.

The preparations for a grand supper were found in the dining-room, the table all laid with cut glass, silver and damask, in regular style. Comparatively little was broken or missing, as Mrs. Miller saw with a sigh of relief, though it was not until the next morning that she could ascertain the whole extent of her losses. When it was known that the family had returned, bills from butchers, bakers, grocers and confectioners, came pouring in, which proved that, however Biddy had used the liberal allowance made for her maintenance, she certainly had not applied it to the proper purpose.

"And we thought her such an honest girl!" said Mr. Miller, moralizing as it was his custom to do.

"So she might have been if we had not placed temptation in her way," quietly replied his wife; "we should have known better, the poor girl did not; our imprudent conduct was her ruin."

At dinner Mrs. Miller asked her husband to have the family doctor come in if possible, during the afternoon.

"What's the matter?" he said, startled.

"I don't know that anything is, but I want to be sure. Harry has been very fretful and uneasy to-day, and so has the baby. He was feverish last night, Bessie tells me, and I feel anxious about them." Dr. Hayes came and pronounced their disease the measles, and the evening after both parents sat by the bedside of the little patients, in great anxiety and distress.

"And all this comes of going into the country!" said Mr. Miller ruefully; "those little places, keep diseases going all the time, I believe. Can you think where they got it?"

"No, I was not aware of any case of the kind in the neighborhood, but they must have taken it there, for they have not been exposed elsewhere."

"The only good thing in the whole confounded affair," said Mr. Miller, after a short silence, "is that business of Charley. " "He's really a very fine fellow! after all, I think Amelia will be the brightest of my girls, to judge from this affair at least."

"Pray don't let her know you think so, will you?"

"Certainly not. Could I be so foolish? But really she is a good judge of character, isn't she? though I never should have taken her word for it, if you had not endorsed her. I shall follow the rest of your advice, and send him away to college. I'll supply him liberally, but he shan't come back till his time is up, and then Amelia may do as she pleases, she'll be old enough then. I'll take him into the office, and if he deserves it, make him a partner. He'll pay for all the expenses I put on him, I know, and make a brilliant man."

"Yes, that is one good come of it," said Mrs. Miller, musingly.

"And the only one. Here's the girls, have lost their lovers, I suppose no great loss, but they don't think so; Amelia got ideas into her head which ought not to have come there for years, and will interfere with her studies, I'm afraid. Harry picked up bad words and manners, and the measles, which he has given to the baby, take care he don't the manners too! You are worn out with them all, and half starved by that stingy woman! And come to speak of expense, it has cost me, in all, swindling, forfeit-losses, travelling expenses, valuable time, doctor's bills, and payments for value received, double what a whole season at Newport would. Don't say a word, Eliza, my dear, I'm cured if you and the girls are—next year ask me to take the whole family to spend the Summer in the Tuilleries, if you like, but don't speak of going into the country!"

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

THERE is some sound advice on this subject in the following passage:—"There are several faults which are common to girls brought up in indolence and timidity; they are incapable of a firm and steady conduct; there is a good deal of affectation in those ill-founded alarms, and those tears that they shed so easily. We must begin by treating them with indifference; we must repress our too tender love, little flatteries, and compliments. We must teach them to speak in a concise manner. Genuine good taste consists in saying much in a few words, in choosing among our thoughts, in having some order and arrangement in what we relate, in speaking with composure; whereas women in general are very enthusiastic in their language.

"Little can be expected from a woman who does not know how to express her thoughts with correctness, and how to be silent. Girls are timid and full of false shame, which is a source of dissimulation. To correct this we must lead them to discover their thoughts without disguise; when they are tired, to say so; and not oblige them to appear to enjoy books, or society, while fatigued by them. When they have unfortunately acquired the habit of disguising their feelings, we must show them, by examples, that it is possible to be discreet and prudent without being deceitful, and tell them that prudence consists in saying little,

and distrusting ourselves more than others, not in dissembling speeches. Simplicity and truth excite more confidence, and succeed better, even in this world, than dissimulation. What is there more delightful than to be sincere, tranquil, in harmony with our conscience, having nothing to fear and nothing to pretend; whereas she who dissembles is always agitated, and under the necessity of hiding one deception by a hundred others, and yet, with all these efforts, she never fails to be discovered; sooner or later she passes for what she is.

"We should never coax children; if we do, we teach them to disguise the truth, and they never forget it. We must lead them by reason as much as possible. They observe everything. We must accustom them to speak little. The pleasure we derive from playful children often spoils them. We teach them to say everything that comes into their minds; to speak of things of which they have no distinct idea. This habit of judging with precipitation, of speaking of things without understanding them, remains during the rest of their lives, and forms a very defective order of mind."

LET YOUR DESIRES and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XIV.

"MADELINE."

Mrs. Dainty looked up, a slight expression of annoyance coming into her face; Uncle John stood before her.

"Well? What is it?" She did not speak with an air of encouragement; nor did she by look or motion give the old gentleman an invitation to sit down. He had entered the library where she was reading.

"I want to have a talk with you about the children," said Mr. Fleetwood. He was altogether self-possessed, and his tone and manner were earnest.

A deeper shade of annoyance passed over the countenance of Mrs. Dainty.

"You still purpose having a governess?"

"I don't know that I purpose anything," replied Mrs. Dainty. "I've had such wretched luck, so far, with governesses, that I shall hardly feel safe in trying another."

"Why not recall Miss Harper?" said Mr. Fleetwood.

"Uncle John!" Mrs. Dainty turned upon the old gentleman a look of indignant surprise.

"The children are all attached to her; and she is pure minded, true-hearted, and—"

"She's insolent and upstart!" retorted Mrs. Dainty, with passion, "and I will never have her back in her old place."

"You have altogether misapprehended Florence," urged Mr. Fleetwood, with unusual earnestness of manner.

"I am not apt to misapprehend people," said Mrs. Dainty, drawing her head up a little proudly.

"Have you noticed Madeline particularly, during the last few days?" inquired Mr. Fleetwood after a pause.

"Particularly? How?" Mrs. Dainty looked curiously at the old gentleman.

"Do you see no change in her since that remarkable experience with Mrs. Jeekyl?"

"No," was answered, without hesitation.

"I have."

"Indeed! you are sharp-sighted, Uncle John!" Mrs. Dainty spoke lightly.

"Love is always sharp-sighted when danger is about," was sententiously answered.

"You are fanciful."

"No, Madeline!" The countenance of Mr. Fleetwood became still more serious. "No Madeline; I am not a dealer in light fancies, but a man of sober thoughts and direct purposes, as you have reason to know. There is a change in our little pet, and one boding, I fear, unhappy consequences,

unless she is at once surrounded by counteracting influences. The spirit of that bad woman, in overshadowing her, left something of its darkness on her young spirit."

Mrs. Dainty sighed unconsciously.

"What is the change you have observed, Uncle John?" she said, her repellent manner subsiding.

"Do you remember to have heard her merry laugh ringing through the house, as of old?"

Mrs. Dainty thought for a moment or two, and then replied.

"I do not."

"Do you know where she is now?"

"No."

"Come with me."

The old gentleman arose, and moved towards the library door. His niece followed him, with a look of questioning interest on her countenance.

"Where is she?" The mother spoke in a whisper.

"Step softly," said Mr. Fleetwood.

From the library they went noiselessly up to the nursery.

"See!" And the old gentleman directed the attention of his niece to Madeline, who was sitting there alone, her back to the door, silent and motionless.

"She is reading," whispered the mother.

Uncle John shook his head.

"Madeline!" Mrs. Dainty could not repress the impulse to speak.

The child started up and turned with something of a frightened look towards the door.

"What are you doing here, all alone?" asked Mrs. Dainty.

"Nothing," answered the child, looking confused.

"Nothing?"

"No ma'am."

"How long have you been here alone?"

"I don't know."

"Come down with me to the library."

"I'd rather stay here," replied Madeline.

"And I'd rather have you in the library," said Mrs. Dainty, with an air of impatience.

"I wasn't doing any thing," urged Madeline.

"I didn't say that you were. But that doesn't signify! Come down into the library."

"I don't want to go down into the library."

"Come! Do you hear me?"

But Madeline stirred not.

Mrs. Dainty was about starting forward to grasp the child's arm, and constrain obedience, when Uncle John held her back, whispering,

"Patience, patience! Remember that you are now dealing with a diseased mind, instead of a healthy one. There is something wrong about the child, and if you love her, be prudent."

"You deal in riddles," said Mrs. Dainty, yielding to the constraining force of Uncle John. "Disobedience, it strikes me, is a disease that should be dealt with promptly." She spoke in a whisper.

"Madeline!" There was a winning tenderness in the old man's voice, that found its way to the child's heart, for she moved towards Uncle John, and grasped his outstretched hand. The moment she felt its warm pressure, she shrank close to his side, while a pleasant change in her young face revealed the change which had come over her spirit.

"I want you in the library," said Mrs. Dainty, firmly. She did not think it right to let the child have her own way.

"Come," Uncle John spoke cheerfully, and moving away, Madeline followed without resistance.

But Mrs. Dainty failed altogether in awakening an interest in the child's mind. Uncle John thinking it best to leave them alone for a time, withdrew from the library. The mother, on whose mind a pressure of concern had fallen, took down a large volume of natural history, filled with costly engravings, and opening it on a table, drew Madeline's attention to the pictures.

"Isn't this beautiful?" she said, pausing over a group of exquisitely colored birds.

"Yes ma'am," replied the child, in a tone that betrayed an entire lack of interest.

"Humming birds! Oh, how beautiful!" The tones of Mrs. Dainty's voice were animated. "This one with golden wings, and emerald green bosom, is like the darling wee bird we saw this Spring, fluttering among the honey-suckle leaves in the garden. Isn't it sweet?"

"Yes ma'am."

There was not a ripple of interest in Madeline's voice.

"Don't you like birds?" inquired the disappointed mother.

"Yes ma'am."

"Here are two beautiful doves. How life-like! It seems every moment, as if they would fly away! Aint they lovely, dear?"

"Yes ma'am."

Mrs. Dainty bent down and looked into the child's face. Her eyes were not on the book, but cast dreamily to the floor, and there was in her countenance a sad expression.

"Madeline!" Mrs. Dainty spoke with a suddenness that caused her child to start, and the varying color to dance over her face.

"What do you mean by this? I don't understand you!" Mrs. Dainty's mind was growing confused through impatience.

For an instant Madeline looked frightened, and then burst into tears.

"What are you crying about, silly child! What ails you?"

Madeline answered nothing, but wept more violently.

"Are you sick?"

"No ma'am," sobbed the unhappy child.

"What's the matter with you, then?"

"I don't know."

"Crying like a baby, and don't know for what? Shame on you!"

Madeline moved away from her mother's side, as if a hand had been suddenly pressed against her.

"Come, now! There's been enough of this! Dry up your tears at once, and be a good girl! Here! Let me wipe them all away."

And she caught Madeline with one hand, while with the other she held a handkerchief to her eyes. But the fountain of tears was not so easily dried up. Madeline wept, sobbing in a wild, convulsed manner.

"I'm out of all patience!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty. Her mind instead of getting clearer, was becoming more and more clouded by passion. "If you don't stop this crying for nothing, I'll punish you! Hush, I say!"

There was an instant of strong agitation, as if the will of the child were contending vigorously with an almost overpowering flood of emotion; and then, all was still as death. Madeline stood motionless, and silent as a statue.

"Very well," said Mrs. Dainty, coldly, "I'm glad to see that you can obey if you will, and I look to having no more annoyances of this kind. Go and sit down, or amuse yourself in some way."

But Madeline did not stir.

"Do you hear me?" Mrs. Dainty spoke sharply. Still the child stood motionless.

"Madeline!"

No response.

"Don't trifle with me, child!"

The stern, threatening voice uttered its injunction in vain.

"Madeline! Answer me, or I will punish you severely!"

The mother had raised her hand to strike a blow, when Mr. Fleetwood, who remained near the library door, came in hastily, and with a look and gesture warned her against that extremity.

"Uncle John!" exclaimed the excited woman, losing all patience, "I wish you would mind your own business, and not interfere with me. You only encourage this self-willed child in her spirit of disobedience!"

And before Mr. Fleetwood had time to reply she caught Madeline by the arm, and dragged her from the library, and through the passages to her own apartment, the door of which she closed and locked.

"You'll find that I'm in earnest!" she exclaimed, in a husky, but determined voice, as she hurried Madeline across the room. Seating herself, she drew the child close in front of her, and looking steadily into her face, said,

"Speak! What do you mean by this conduct?"

The aspect of Madeline's face, as it now appeared in the eyes of Mrs. Dainty, was so strange, that alarm took the place of anger. All life seemed to have receded therefrom. The blue lips stood apart, the eyes were wide open, almost staring, the skin

was of an ashen hue. Lifting her quickly from the floor, the mother laid her child upon a bed, and after bending over her a few moments, anxiously went to the door and called Mr. Fleetwood.

"I warned you," said the old gentleman, in a reprobating voice, as he saw the child's condition. "I told you that you were dealing with a diseased mind!"

"What can ail her? Oh! Uncle John, send at once for the doctor!" Mrs. Dainty wrung her hands, and stood glancing from Madeline to Mr. Fleetwood, her countenance pale with fear.

The old gentleman bent down over the child, laying his hand upon her forehead and breast, and then searching along her wrists with his fingers. Her flesh was cold, and damp with perspiration, and there was so feeble a motion in the heart that scarcely a wave of life could be felt along the arteries.

"Oh, send for the doctor! She may die!" Mrs. Dainty was overwhelmed with distress.

"Be patient. Control yourself, Madeline," Uncle John spoke with unusual calmness. "Get cold water and bathe her forehead and temples."

This was done, and signs of more active life followed. A warmer color returned to her cheeks; respiration became deeper; the half opened eyes closed, giving the look of sleep, instead of death, to her childish face.

"What is the meaning of this? What has come over the child?" said Mrs. Dainty, breathing more freely as she saw that a new and healthier action had supervened; "I don't understand it Uncle John."

"There is disease of the mind, Madeline, as I have been trying for the last hour to make you understand. Its exact nature cannot at once be determined. Neither anger nor force will avail anything; of that be fully assured."

"But, Uncle John, she must not be permitted to have her own will entirely. That leads to ruin."

"Of course not. The government of love, wise and gentle in all its ministrations, not the government of angry force, must have rule. See into what a mental paralysis your efforts to compel submission have thrown her. If her mind's condition had been a healthy one, this would never have occurred. Deal with her, then, wisely and gently, as you would deal with the sick."

Mrs. Dainty sighed deeply, and looked troubled.

"What does it mean, Uncle John? What is the cause of this strange affection?"

"It was not so before Mrs. Jeckyl came into the house?"

Mrs. Dainty gave an unwilling assent.

"Something has been done to her by that woman. If I were a believer in witchcraft I would say that she had laid a spell upon the child. That Madeline was under the influence of an evil eye."

"There is something wrong," murmured Mrs. Dainty, speaking partly to herself, "something wrong! I wish I had never seen that dreadful woman." A low shudder pervaded her nerves.

"Yes, something very wrong," said Mr. Fleetwood; "and it will require the wisest care on our part to restore the harmonious action of her life, so suddenly and so strangely disturbed."

For nearly two hours Madeline lay in a deep sleep; and during all that time Mrs. Dainty sat by the bedside. When she awoke at last, her mind was in a tranquil state, like one coming out of a refreshing slumber. But she exhibited none of her old lightness of spirit; was quiet, yet cheerful, rather than of pensive mood. She did not seem inclined to join, as of old, her little brother George, Master "Don't Care," in any of his sports; but rather shrunk away into unobserved places, sitting quiet and idle.

CHAPTER XV.

Time made very little change in Madeline's state, no change, at least, for the better. Twice during the succeeding fortnight, her mother's anger was excited against her, and the strong, passionate will of the one set itself vigorously to work to subdue the so-called "willfulness" of the other. But each time the storm, like all storms, made itself felt only in wreck and ruin. Madeline, after the exhaustion of the wild strife of passion was over, showed a moody, absent exterior, and an increased tendency to be alone.

"What can ail the child?" Mrs. Dainty would say, in her uneasiness and perplexity, now appealing to her husband, and now to Uncle John. But from neither could any solution of the mystery of her strange state be derived. The family physician was called in and consulted, though with little satisfaction. "There must be a change for Madeline," he said. "Her mind must be diverted. She is in a morbid state," with much more to the same purpose. Yet nothing was gained. The mental disease abated not, but commenced assuming new forms. Morbid desire began taking the place of morbid indifference; and, if this inordinate craving were not indulged, fits of nervous prostration followed the excitement of contention, resembling the stupor of opium.

It now became a serious consideration in the family as to how Madeline was to be treated by the other members. Suddenly, her will had grown exacting. The mild-tempered, gentle, loving little girl had become imperious, selfish, and demanding. If she desired a thing, or wished for an indulgence, no amount of opposition subdued her. Denial, argument, punishment, increased instead of weakening her purpose, and the certain result was a nervous spasm, or deep stupor, lasting at times for hours. So long as she had her own way, the current of her life glided along smoothly, but any obstruction swelled it into a turbulent flood, the dark depths of which were hidden from all eyes.

The doctor strongly recommended change of place, new associations. "Send her out in the carriage every day, or take her to the public squares for a ramble among the children," he would urge, when he saw her moving in her quiet way about the house,

and marked the singular expression of her countenance, that had in it something almost weird.

One day Agnes, the elder sister, accompanied by George, had taken Madeline to the City Square, through which they wandered for some time. Growing tired, the girls sat down to observe a party of little children who were jumping the rope, while George, boy-like, took a wide range over the grounds. Suddenly the attention of Agnes was called to Madeline, by an exclamation, and looking around, and into her face, she saw that her eyes were fixed on some object with a look of fear. Following their direction, she saw at a short distance the repulsive form of Mrs. Jeckyl, who was standing perfectly still, gazing at them. Her first instinctive movement was to shade the eyes of Madeline with her hand, and thus hide from her the form which had disturbed her with its presence. As she did so, Madeline shut her eyes and leaned her head back against her sister.

As soon as Mrs. Jeckyl saw that she was observed, she came forward, offering her hand to Agnes in a familiar way, and inquiring with an affectation of interest about the family.

"Ah," she continued, "and here is my little pet, Maddy!" placing her hand, as she spoke, on the head of Madeline, whose slight form quivered and shrank at the touch.

"How are you, dear?" she asked, in tones meant to be winning.

But Madeline kept her face buried in her sister's garments.

"That little rebel brother tried to frighten my pet," she added, her hand still playing with the child's curls, "the naughty boy! But Maddy was my jewel! Little darling! Come! Look up, and let me see, if only for a moment, that pair of bright eyes."

Agnes felt the head of Madeline slowly turning, as if she wished to get a stealthy glance at the woman's face.

"Ah! Peep bo! Peep!" said Mrs. Jeckyl, playfully. "I thought the light would come."

Madeline had taken a single look, and then hidden her face again.

"How have you been, darling?" Mrs. Jeckyl bent her head close down to the face of Madeline.

The child made no answer.

Still the woman's hand was on her head, and restlessly moving among the sunny curls. Twice had Agnes pushed it away with a firm effort, but it returned again persistently. She had a strange bewildered feeling, and an impulse to catch Madeline in her arms and flee away, as from impending danger.

"Ah! Peep bo!" Madeline had stolen another look, and the woman, watchful as a serpent, had caught the glance; and now her eye held that of the child, who did not again turn her face away, but continued to gaze upon that of Mrs. Jeckyl.

"You are a little darling!" said Mrs. Jeckyl, now bending close to Madeline, and smiling upon

her in her most winning manner. "The sweetest pet in all the world! Here, sit on my lap." And she made an attempt to lift Madeline from the arm of her sister; but Agnes resisted, saying coldly,

"If you please, Madam, let her remain where she is."

But the woman was bent on having her own way. Not seeming even to hear the words of Agnes, she applied her strength, and drew the child upon her lap. A deep, fluttering sigh came up from the heart of Madeline, and light spasms quivered over her face. There was a brief feeble resistance; then strength and will were subdued, and, passive as a babe, she shrank against the woman, laying her head down upon her bosom.

Roused by fear and indignation, Agnes started to her feet, and grasping her sister by the arms, said, as she exerted her strength in the effort to remove her,

"Let her go, Mrs. Jeckyl!"

"Don't fret yourself, my dear," said the woman, fixing her glittering eyes into those of Agnes, with a look meant to subdue her also. But the effort to hold her passive by the strength of a powerful will failed wholly.

"Release my sister!" she added sternly.

But Mrs. Jeckyl drew her arm the more tightly around Madeline, and with her steady eye sought to throw a spell over Agnes.

Grown desperate with fear, Agnes now exerted all her strength, and with a single violent jerk, succeeded in wresting the now half insensible form of her sister from the arms of Mrs. Jeckyl.

"You're a very polite young lady!" said Mrs. Jeckyl, in a sneering manner. "This is American good breeding, I suppose!"

"And you're a very wicked woman," replied Agnes, indignantly confronting the enemy.

"Snakes! Snakes!" It was the ringing, exultant voice of little "don't care" George, who had circled the square in a trot, and just returned to the place where he had left his sisters.

Mrs. Jeckyl turned with a start upon this unwelcome intruder.

"Old Snakes!" said the boy, stooping before the woman, with his hands upon his knees, and a grin of exultation on his face. "Old Snakes!"

Fierce as a tiger did she advance upon George, but she had an antagonist to deal with who was an over-match for her.

"Take care!" exclaimed the boy, as he darted around a lady who was passing, thus putting her between him and Mrs. Jeckyl, "take care, ma'am, that's Old Snakes!"

The lady started, and looked half frightened.

"Take care!" repeated young America. "She's got a snake in her bosom! There, don't you see its head peeping out?"

"Merry!" exclaimed the lady, springing away from Mrs. Jeckyl, who, in trying to catch George ran against her.

"Snakes! Snakes! Old Snakes!" screamed the

little rebel, dancing with delight, and soon attracting a crowd of men, women and children to the spot.

"Where are the snakes?" asked one and another.

"There she goes! Don't you see her? That is Old Snakes!" answered the laughing boy, pointing to Mrs. Jeckyl, who, a second time discomfited by weapons for which she had neither shield nor armor, was acting on the principle that discretion was the better part of valor, and making a hasty retreat from the battle field.

"You're a very rude little boy," said a grave old gentleman.

"And she's a very wicked woman," answered little Don't Care, looking boldly up into the speaker's face.

"Why did you call her Snakes?" inquired the man; "there's no sense in that."

"If you'd looked into her eyes, you'd have seen them," replied George, half carelessly; and then grasping the outstretched hand of his sister Agnes, he withdrew from the little crowd, and passed with quick steps homeward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1857.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF THE COLORED PLATE.

Toilet of the Mother.—Breakfast robe of bronze brown *mouselin de laine*, or Russian velvet—a new article of the same *genre*, of wool—ornamented with bands of wide galloon, and little velvet buttons. The cut is high to the neck, with bertha in pointed shape on the back and stomach, *basque* body and plain skirt, frequently open in front like a *robe de chambre*, disclosing a white muslin underskirt with its front embroidered *au plumetis*, in simple sketchy scroll. Collar of embroidered muslin. The head-dress *reille* in cherry-colored chenille. Sleeves of muslin, the *poignet* puffed. Swedish gloves.

Toilet of the little Boy.—Plaid poplin or cashmere sack, of colors to suit the fancy. Gown of goods to blend in color with the sack. Velvet Chinese cap, ornamented with a *biais* of cherry velvet. Sleeves closed *en nansouc*. Pantalets with embroidered border; *marchons* of ermine; kid gloves; knee boots of drab cloth.

Toilet of the little Girl.—Robe of sky-blue poplin. *Caraco* or *basque* fitted to the figure. Black velvet hat, ornamented with black velvet and cherry-colored ribbons. Sleeves and pantalets like the little boy's, and the gaiter-boots to blend with the *basque*.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Those charming stuffs woven *a dispositions*, and intended for flounced robes, are still in vogue, as shown by the fall importations of flexible taffetas and other light silks; and this in the face of the promise by the Lyons manufacturers that they would make no goods for flowers the past season. But the truth is, *crinolines* are being reduced in circumference, and flowers appear well for full dress on a scant skirt. Since it has become generally known that *crinoline* is hair cloth, and that hoops are only substituted to save expense and counter-

feit the effect of it, the fashion is divided between *crinoline* skirts and corded skirts, and the best educated ladies reject the balloon styles as offensive to the most refined taste. True taste always abhors extremes. We are glad to perceive that the ladies are being governed by reason, and while they reduce the circumference of the *crinoline*, we agree with them that its great comfort and economy, in avoiding the necessity for many skirts, and thus lessening the weight and cumbrousness of the dress, and promoting the health, are reasons sufficient to make it a standard article of the ladies' toilet, so long as the present feminine grace is exemplified in the dress of woman. Long skirts, and those of *demitrain*, for the drawing-room, still maintain, and are like to; but high heeled knee-boots and short skirts for the street are gaining favor. Still the self-styled clothes reformers oppose the skirt which extends below the knee, and like all monomaniacs, are insane about trifles. It is no new idea in the history of dress. While modest ladies always wore the long *chiton*, the Sabine women, and others of the *chiton nudus* stamp were as notoriously familiar to the ancients, as are the Bloomerites of this age trying to become, and thus handing down to posterity an unenviable distinction.

The *quadrille* style of trimming is gaining favor. We mean, the trimming a silk dress with narrow velvet ribbon, by forming borders and *berthes* of it in square or diamond checks, by running the ribbon on transversely.

Basques of the same goods as the dress are still in vogue for morning wear, and those of the sack *genre*, called the *caraco*, richly edged at the bottom and sleeve-ends with velvet, or plush in fur imitation, are greatly the rage.

The body pointed in front, and on the back, is the fashion for full toilet; and as we suspect that long

skirts for full dress will remain the fashion for a great while, we subjoin the directions by Mrs. Adams for holding them up in walking:

"A good deal having been written on long dresses sweeping the pavement in all weathers, I will explain how, in an easy way, the ladies may nicely and gracefully keep the bottom of their dresses clean. I have tried it, and find it to answer exceedingly well, both for plain and dounced dresses. Holding up the dress with the hands is in many respects objectionable. A warm hand with a glove on will very often stain a dress, and in holding up the dress you crease it very much by pinching it between the fingers; and another objection is that the hands are employed when it would be much more agreeable to have them at liberty. Having pointed to a few of the inconveniences, I will now suggest the remedy. Sew on each seam of the skirt two pieces of tape, each piece to be nine inches long; sew one piece of tape nine inches from the bottom, and the other pieces nine inches from the first one, on the seams; and, if necessary, sew several pieces of the same length and same distance apart up each seam. Then tie your tapes all round, and you will find your dress clear the ground one or two inches. You can raise it higher or lower at your pleasure. When the widths of your skirt are very wide, such as merino and very wide silk, there should be tapes sewed in the middle of the width, as well as on the seams. If you are walking home, a short distance from a party, it will be found a great convenience." Since, by the interference of crinoline skirts, ladies are prevented from indulging the beauties of drapery, which raising a full skirt over the arm for promenade always confers, we know of no better method for protecting the dress from contact with the dirt of the street and sidewalks, than that suggested by Mrs. Adams, of raising them to the proper height by sewing tapes on the seams, and tying them up as far as desired.

Fashion, which never overlooks anything coming within its peculiar province, and delights in regulating details apparently of trivial importance, has designed a travelling dress at once elegant and convenient. It consists of a plain full skirt, half covered by a fitting *casaque*, having pockets at the side, edged with a wide galon, and buttoning at front from top to bottom. Very full sleeves over undersleeves of the same material (*mousquetaire*). This *toilette* is generally made of a new material—a mixture of silk and cotton—either in narrow stripes or small checks, black and white. English *bodice* is also much used; but in that case the *casaque* is replaced by a *paleto-sac*, trimmed at the hips with a wide flounce of the same material, with or without heading. A plain straw bonnet, trimmed with a quilled ribbon, completes this dress, elegant because of its simplicity.

The fashions for children are much as they were when we last adverted to the subject. The recent preparations for the country include some little dresses of light texture for very young children.

Among them is a dress of jacquard, ornamented with needlework, which is designed for a little girl of two or three years of age. It has a double skirt; the upper one in the form of a tunic, with the corners rounded, is edged round with a row of scalloped needlework. The corsage is low and ornamented with rows of needlework, and with *bretelles*, also embroidered in a pattern corresponding with the rest of the dress. The short sleeves consist of frills of needlework. A coral necklace, worn with a white dress, is a suitable ornament for a child of the age above mentioned. A dress, consisting of a skirt and jacket of nankin, ornamented with white braid, has just been made for a boy between four and five years of age. A fashionable walking costume, prepared for a girl about the age of eight, is composed of a dress of bright blue silk, without trimming; a basquine of black silk, trimmed with grelots, having the skirt rather full and long; a straw bonnet, trimmed on the outside with bows of blue ribbon of the same tint as the dress. The trimming in the inside consists of blonde and a wreath of blue flowers.

HONNETE.

The marked peculiarity of the Fall style is its size, being larger than was the last Spring style, and approaching the forehead over the centre in front, while the curtain is not so deep. Velvet *épingles* in white and drab colors are much in vogue, and the neat black satin bonnet, the style of which was inaugurated last Winter, bids fair to be one of the leading styles the coming Winter. The mixed straws, and those of straw and silk, with heavy trimmings, are in vogue for street wear, and on ordinary occasions of shopping, &c. We saw one having the front formed of pale grey straw, and the crown of green silk, covered with black lace. The crown is encircled by a series of loops of green ribbon and black lace, and the front is edged with a bias row of green silk. Bouquets of daisies are intermingled with the inside trimming. Some bonnets of white straw have been trimmed round the crown with wreaths of flowers. One is ornamented with a wreath of ivy, and another with a wreath of blue corn flowers. Wreaths and bouquets of verbena have been much employed for ornamenting bonnets of grey straw.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

No. 1 is a dress of dark blue poplin. The short skirt is made very full, and descends just below the knee. The waist is made low in the neck, and terminates in square lappets, falling slightly apart, and edged with two rows of narrow black velvet. The front of the waist is enriched by a similar trimming, set on in plaids an inch square, and ornamented with small black buttons; a row of cambric edging surrounds the neck. The sleeves of the dress are demi-long and very full, the top and bottom being ornamented by a small cape, decorated with rows of black velvet and buttons; a narrow frill of needlework finishes at the hand. Panta-

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lettes of cambric needlework, and boots of blue cashmere tipped with glazed leather. A round cap of black velvet, ornamented on the left side by a short feather, with a rosette and ends of broad black ribbon, complete the costume.

No. 2 is an out-door dress, intended for a girl of ten years. The material is a green and white plaid silk. The skirt is made full, and without ornament of any kind. The waist is made low in the neck, and ornamented with a round berthe, edged with two rows of green and white fringe. With this dress is worn a deep, close-fitting basque of black silk; the entire skirt is ornamented by a succession of rows of narrow fringe. The sleeves are demi-wide, and terminated by a broad turn-up cuff, ornamented by rows of fringe to correspond with the skirt. A small cap, similarly ornamented, forms a finish to the upper portion of the sleeve. Boots of

grey cashmere, tipped with glazed leather, and pantalettes of cambric needlework. Collar and under-sleeves of delicate Swiss embroidery. The hat is a Leghorn, of exquisite fineness, decorated with a long white ostrich plume and strings of broad white satin ribbon, headed by full rosettes.

No. 3 is a dress for a little boy of six years, consisting of a blouse of fine plaided poplin, with a short full skirt, without ornament. The waist is made to fit the figure loosely, and confined by a white belt, forming a point in front; two rows of trimming extend over the shoulders and form a pretty finish to the front. The sleeves are made rather close, and terminated by a deep gauntlet cuff, edged with a simple row of white trimming. Collar and under-sleeves of fine linen, with a neck-tie of blue silk. Pants of white *satin jean*, and a round cap of Leghorn complete the costume.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

CARRYING A BUNDLE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, Aunty! now you don't mean to ask me to do such a thing as *that*!" cried Sara Carter, with a curl of her lip, and in a half incredulous, half reproachful tone of voice, which her indulgent aunt was in no wise likely to withstand.

But my dear, what is to be done? There is that poor woman with her two children in such a destitute condition. You know the cook's sick, and Mary and I have all the week's ironing to do, so there's no way to send it; and the lady glanced disconsolately at the large bundle which she had just placed on the table.

"But just think, Aunty, I have to go past the Seaton's and the Sanford's, to take my music lesson, and what would they say to see me carrying that great bundle! Why, I should never be able to look them in the face again, of course I shouldn't."

"Well, I suppose it'll have to lie there, then, until I can get some chance to send it; but it's too bad, for I know they'll want the medicine for little Milly, and the weather's coming off so cold, Joseph will need the coat and pants," concluded Miss Carter, with a half annoyed, half resigned expression of countenance.

Sara Carter was her Aunt's idol. The little girl's mother had died several years before, and her father was too much engrossed with business to give much attention to the moral training of his child, even had he felt the inclination to do this. So he supplied all Sara's outward wants, like the liberal, indulgent man he was, and left the rest in the hands of his maiden sister, who came to take,

as well as she could, the place of the dead wife and mother in his household.

Miss Carter was a well meaning, good hearted sort of person; but she lacked that very essential quality in man or woman, force of character! She was weakly indulgent to her niece, and Sara, though she had many fine attributes of character, was strong willed, weakly proud, and indolently selfish.

At the time of which I write she had just reached her twelfth year, and was certainly old enough to know that any person whose regard could be influenced by her carrying a bundle was not worth caring for any way; and she ought to have had moral independence enough to do what was right, altogether regardless of such persons; but I am sorry to say, little children, I have known many persons a great deal older than Sara Carter, who were not a whit wiser, or more independent than she on this subject.

But as the little girl was putting on her bonnet that morning, Florence Mead, one of her neighbors and schoolmates, came in to accompany Sara to the music teacher's.

"Don't you think," said Sara, in a very confidential tone to her companion, as she put on her pretty straw hat, before the mirror, "Aunty wanted me to take that bundle down town?"

Florence's restless blue eyes ran from the bonnet to Sara's face. "Well, what of that?" she asked, in her usual quick, abrupt way.

"Now Florence, you know how it looks to carry a great bundle like that in the street. Everybody would think I was a servant, of course."

"Let 'em think so then, I wouldn't care," retorted Florence, with a toss of the bright little head that was never still, except when slumber chained it tight to the pillow.

"I don't believe you, Florence; I don't believe you'd carry that great bundle down Chestnut street, for a dollar."

"Is it heavy? where is it to go?" asked Florence, lifting the bundle, as though she were debating whether to give a verbal or practical negation to her companion.

"It's to go to Mrs. Hill's, a woman that always comes here to help clean house. But she was sick with the rheumatism all Winter, and she's had nobody to do anything for her, but Joseph, and he's only thirteen. Aunty was down there yesterday, and says they're really destitute, so she made up that bundle of cakes, and clothes, and medicines for little Milly, but after all there's nobody to take it."

"Yes, there is," and Florence took it up.

"You're not going to carry *that*?" asked Sara.

"Yes I am, too; I guess I'm not going to have these poor people go without the things, because of my pride. If folks don't like my appearance, they can just look the other way; make haste, Sara."

Florence Mead's family was an old and highly respectable one. *She could afford to be independent.*

"Mamma, Mamma! you know the lady said she would send me some strawberry jelly, won't it come pretty soon?" and the little faint voice fluttered out from the pallid lips, as the sick child lifted its head, and looked with touching eagerness at its mother.

"I guess so, my little girl; Miss Carter said she'd try and send it this morning. Won't Milly eat some of this nice milk porridge?"

"No," in the querulous, disappointed tone of illness, "Milly don't love that old stuff, and settling back her head on the pillow, the sobs born of weakness and suffering burst up from the child's heart.

"Don't cry, Mother's darling, there's a good girl, don't cry," said the thin, sorrow-faced woman, as she leaned over the bed and stroked the flaxen hair; but the tears poured over her cheeks as she thought, "oh, if I only had two pennies to buy the poor child an orange!"

The room, a back chamber, was very poorly furnished, but the most luxurious parlor on Chestnut street did not show evidences of greater cleanliness and care.

"Perhaps Joseph will have good luck selling the papers," said the mother, in a tone she tried to make encouraging, "and then he'll get Milly something nice at the store on the corner; I wonder what it will be."

"But Milly can't wait till night, it's such a long, long time. Please, Mamma, get your little Milly something to eat now, she's *so* hungry," pleaded the child, lifting up its small thin arms.

"Oh God, what shall I do? I have nothing to give her, and my heart will break," pleaded the poor woman, all her fortitude giving way at the sight of that which goes down deepest and sharpest in the heart of a mother, the suffering of her child. Just at that moment there was a quick light rap at the door. A new hope sprang to the mother's heart, and Milly lifted her little head eagerly to listen.

Mrs. Hill opened the door, and there stood Florence Mead, the great bundle in her arms, the warm varying color on her cheeks, which toiling up three pair of stairs had given them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Editors' Department

NEVER, (Concluded)

Cousin Fannie was a sensible woman. She saw that it would be worse than useless to attempt to argue with Mrs. Gilmer on this unpleasant state of affairs, therefore she maintained an unbroken silence on the subject, but her thoughts and plans were, meanwhile, by no means as quiet as her lips.

She finally resolved that she would call on Mrs. John Gilmer, whom she had met quite frequently the previous Summer while visiting her cousin.

"Of course," reasoned the lady to herself, "she will be courteous enough to return my call, and Sara is too much of a lady to treat her guest impolitely; they will at least be obliged to speak to each other, and so the ice will be broken; I will take my

sewing and go, in a neighborly sort of fashion, this very afternoon. Sara, I suppose, won't like it very well, but I hardly think she'll wish to quarrel with me." Cousin Fannie was one of those gentle, self-possessed and self-respecting women with whom people never quarrel.

Just as the lady had reached this determination, Mrs. Gilmer's voice came up to her room: "I'm going into the orchard to get some early apples. Won't you go with me, Cousin Fannie, it's such a fine morning?"

The ladies put on their sun-bonnets and went down into the orchard, at the foot of the garden. It was a cool, fragrant morning, and the wind rocked the heavy shadows of the trees over the

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grass, off which the dew had dried but a little while before. So the ladies ate the apples, and chatted together, and enjoyed the morning, whose beauty filled and rejoiced both their hearts.

Suddenly, a cry, sharp, and loud, and full of terrible agony, broke through the stillness: "Help! help! he is drowning! Harry is drowning!"

The ladies' faces grew very white as their eyes turned in the direction of the voice. It was on their right, close by the pond, which ran at the foot of the orchard, and was, at that place, about eight feet deep. What a sight chained their gaze at that moment; the little curly head of Harry Gilmer was going down under the water, and his white arms were reached out imploringly to his mother, who stood on the bank, and then the dark water closed over him.

"God help him!" simultaneously shrieked the two women under the orchard trees, and they stood transfixed a moment, and then both rushed towards the pond.

Sara Gilmer had been quite an expert swimmer in her girlhood; for she had several brothers who had taken a good deal of pains to initiate her into this most desirable accomplishment for man or woman.

But it was a long time since Mrs. Gilmer had practised any of her old swimming feats, and under ordinary circumstances I know she would have shrunk from trusting herself in deep water alone. But now she did not pause to think of herself—she only remembered that Harry, little laughing-faced Harry Gilmer, was drowning.

The distracted mother stood on the edge of the pond, her arms reached out wildly; no sound or cry fell from her lips; but her face, oh, the dead who have lain long beneath sealed coffins, under Summer grasses, are not whiter, or more stony than the mother's at that moment.

"Maria! Maria! I'll try to save him," cried Mrs. James Gilmer, and gathering up her dress, she plumped right into the pond.

It was narrow, and little Harry rose in its centre. Quick as lightning, his aunt struck out for him. He was not more than two yards from her, but her clothes impeded her progress, and she had lost much of her former skill in swimming.

But she managed to keep herself above water, and had almost reached the boy, while his mother and Cousin Fannie watched on the bank. Oh, what pen shall ever write *how* they watched for the life of that fair child!

Mrs. Gilmer struggled to grasp his hair; her hand almost clutched it, but it went down. "Harry, Harry, reach up your hand!" The boy heard, and there was the white gleam of a little arm above the plashing of the water. Sara grasped it, and struck out as well as she could, with one arm, for the shore. Harry's head was under water part of the time, and Mrs. Gilmer's clothes added to the difficulty so much, that she was several times on the point of sinking.

But her brave heart bore her up. They both reached the bank, and Cousin Fannie took Harry from his exhausted woman-preserver, as we take the beloved back from the arms of death.

"Yes, he's alive! he's alive!" cried out the joyful voice of Cousin Fannie, as she leaned a moment over the little unconscious face that lay in her arms, and then the mother's heart broke out one long sobbing cry of joy, exceeding all the heart can conceive, and she sank down, senseless upon the grass.

An hour later Mrs. John Gilmer's back sitting room witnessed a scene that you or I could not with dry eyes. There were some half dozen persons in the room, the two brothers, James and John Gilmer, with their wives, and Cousin Fannie, with little Harry. The gentlemen had been suddenly summoned home, to learn how narrowly the child had escaped drowning.

"Well, Sara, you're a brave girl, I declare; I'm proud of you," said James Gilmer, as he went up to the rocking chair where his wife sat, in a wrapper of Cousin Fannie's, wringing the water out of her long hair.

Mrs. John Gilmer sat on the lounge, her pale face lying on her husband's shoulder, and her frame still shivering with the excitement she had undergone.

Cousin Fannie had changed Harry's clothes, and arranged his hair in its natural curls, so that he was looking quite like his usual self, when she at last took him to his mother, and with the sight of that sweet face the mother's tears broke up from her heart for the first time, like rain.

"My boy, my precious boy!" she sobbed, putting her arms around the child, "that dreadful water didn't take you from me after all."

Then the mother rose up and went to Mrs. James Gilmer; she drew her arm round the lady: "Sara, you saved the life of my Harry; God bless you! you saved him," she said, "and because of this, there shall ever more be peace between us. We will never quarrel again, Sara!"

"Never! never! Maria."

And both women kept their word. And if ever again the old jealousy or heart-burn knocked at the soul of Mrs. John Gilmer, she looked at the bright head of little Harry, and thought where, but for one arm, it might have been lying cold and white, and whispered solemnly to herself, "Never!"

V. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are sorry that "A Subscriber" does not find enough matter in the Home Magazine to satisfy her desire for good reading. If we are not mistaken, she is one of a class that looks to quantity rather than quality, and in hastily swallowing large portions of metal food, get the dyspepsia and grow ill-natured. We think if she were to continue the Home Magazine a year longer, and read it thoughtfully, she would find herself something improved in taste, temper, and self-control. We know that she would get her money's worth.

We receive a great many letters asking us to examine manuscripts, in order to give the writers thereof the benefit of our judgment on their performances; also, letters from strangers, making various requests for services of one kind and another, often joined with most earnest appeals to our sympathy. To some of these we reply; but to many of them we make no response. The utter hopelessness of meeting the applicant's wants, stated often with the eloquence of suffering, deters us from writing what would seem but a cold response. Sometimes a letter is laid aside, in order that the answer may be given when the mind is clearer, or in a less hurried frame; but days go by, and the desired state is not found. We know that many who have written to us, with an earnest frankness; who have opened the secret doors that shut out their sufferings from the world's common gaze, and asked us for aid, counsel, or sympathy, have been sorely disappointed at our silence, and, in many cases, changed their estimate of our character. Some, we know, have grown angry, as their sharp rebukes do testify. We can, and do forgive them, and would help them if it were in our power. Let it be borne in mind that our duties are public, rather than private; and that the former take nearly our whole time. If we were to answer, in the required spirit, all the letters we receive, private correspondence would usurp the place of what is now done in general literature, and this would be an unprofitable exchange all around.

"But, my case was peculiar," says one who reads this. "It would have taken you but a moment. I waited for a response, until hope deferred made the heart sick."

A moment. Ah! It was the utter impossibility of meeting your case in a moment, or in many moments, that caused it to be deferred day after day, and week after week, until—well! your letter is buried among scores of a like tenor, to answer all of which is impossible. And we cannot discriminate. Forgive us, you who can: and think charitably. If the seeming neglect has excited anger, let a calmer hour do us justice.

"A Widow." We cannot encourage you to hope for the means of supporting your family through literary labor. You have some skill in writing; but your articles do not possess that degree of interest which commands attention. Of all resources, that of the pen, for one wholly unknown to the public, is the least to be relied upon.

"Esther, or the Jewish Queen," has some good points, but as a whole, we must decline it. The author has our thanks for offering it to the Home Magazine.

The writer of "The Old Homestead" will be welcome to the pages of the Home Magazine, after a little more experience, and observation have been gained, and a little more skill in the art of handling the pen acquired. We thank her for her kind words. Such words are always pleasant.

Those who send us poems and short pieces, must keep copies of the same, if they value them; as we cannot undertake to return such, if not accepted. Longer articles will be re-mailed, if desired; but postage stamps must be sent for pre-payment.

FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT we have the following, which we give to our readers, without asking leave of our fair assistant to whom they are addressed.

TO VIRGINIA.

Will you hear the warm prayer that is rushing
From the heart to the lips, pure and true?
Will you take from the heart that is gushing,
The love that is offered to you?

'Tis not much, and though pride may be bringing
Her forces in battle array,
To crush the lone heart that is clinging
To thee, let it not win the day.

I'm oft lonely, oft sad, often weary
Of life; of its darkness and gloom;
Will you make one such hour less dreary?
Will your heart give the pale widow room?

LUNA.

Woodbine Cottage, April 28, 1857.

Our fair co-editor will scarcely fail to respond in all gentleness and womanly affection to this appeal from the heart of a sister who craves her sympathy. Speaking to the heart as she does, we do not wonder that many hearts leap up at her words, and turn towards her with loving impulses. Singular powers to stir the human sympathies are hers, and we need not say to our readers, that she always stirs them in the right direction.

From a book, entitled "THE SPECTRAL BRIDE, and other Poems," by C. Everts, the talented editor of the *La Porte (Ind.) Times*, we extract the following:

LOVE'S FIRST GIFT. (FOR MUSIC.)

If e'er within my heart there moved
A feeling that was all sincere,
'Twas when I gave to her I loved
The purest gem I had, a tear!

Love's holy gift—when from my eye
It fell upon the cheek I pressed—
The wealth of worlds could never buy
The joy that filled my swelling breast.

But now, these lids, oft bathed in brine,
Like shells beneath a troubled sea,
Such priceless pearls no more confine,
Such joys no more return to me.

In the November number of the Home Magazine, will be given the concluding chapters of "Look Out."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TREATISE ON THE USE OF ADHESIVE GOLD FOIL.
By Robert Arthur. Philadelphia: Jones, White & M'Curdy.

This treatise, as its title indicates, is purely professional, but from what we can understand of the subject, one of great value to dentists, as it clearly sets forth the whole *modus operandi* of filling teeth which have been injured by caries, and especially the improved method adopted by Dr. Arthur, of filling them with *adhesive gold foil*. Many dentists have tried this method, but from imperfect knowledge of the subject, have abandoned it. Two years of successful application of the adhesive gold foil, in which numerous operations, impossible to be made with the ordinary foil, were performed with ease and facility, has enabled the author to give to his professional brethren the most reliable information on the subject. His book cannot fail to be sought for by all dentists interested in the advancement of their art.

CHIEF OF THE PILGRIMS: or the Life and Times of William Brewster, Ruling Elder of the Pilgrim Company that founded New Plymouth, the Parent Colony of New England, in 1620. By the Rev. Ashbel Steele, A. M., Washington City, D. C. Illustrated with five Steel Engravings. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

In September, 1853, the descendants of Elder William Brewster, held a meeting in Norwich Conn., to take measures for procuring a suitably written life of their distinguished ancestor. This handsome octavo volume is the result. It contains, of course, a great deal of new matter, gathered from private documents, and treasured family records, and presents many lively pictures of an age and people in which every true American must feel the warmest interest.

MARRIED OR SINGLE. By C. M. Sedgwick. New York: Harper & Brothers.

After years of retirement from the literary world, Miss Sedgwick has given us a new story, in which some of the vices and follies of New York fashionable life are dealt with in no spirit of leniency. We cannot say that we like this book as well as many of the accomplished author's previous volumes; though everywhere it abounds in beautiful passages, and displays a ripeness of experience, and an acuteness of observation such as we might expect to find in any thing emanating from her pen.

WASHINGTON IN DOMESTIC LIFE. From original Letters and Manuscripts. By Richard Rush. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have here collected a number of letters, addressed by Gen. Washington to Col. Tobias Lear, his private Secretary, on matters domestic and personal, with running commentaries thereon. We do not find among them anything of special interest, which has not appeared in the "Republican Court."

THE INDIGENOUS RACES OF THE EARTH; or New Chapters of Ethnological Inquiry. By J. C. Nott, M. D., and George R. Gliddon, authors of "Types of Mankind." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Only men thoroughly in love with their subject, could pursue investigations in any direction with the unwearyed assiduity displayed by the authors of this book, and the "Types of Mankind." In the production of this large and deeply interesting volume, valuable contributions were made by Lieut. Maury, Francis Pulsky, Dr. J. A. Meigs, and Professors Leidy and Agassiz, in which are presented fresh investigations, documents, and materials. Altogether, the volume is a remarkable one, and no student's library is complete without it. The illustrations are abundant, and some of them of the highest value as throwing light upon the question of races. Particularly valuable are the drawings of discoveries made at Memphis during the years 1851-54 by M. Auguste Mariette, which show the permanence of the Egyptian type through a period of five thousand years; and this against the effects of the inroads, and amalgamations of other races; the original type gradually, but steadily absorbing the foreign, and finally throwing it off entirely, presenting in the Egyptian Fellah of to-day, a perfect resemblance to his ancestor fifty centuries removed!

MY LAST CRUISE: or, Where we Went, and What we Saw. Being an account of visits to the Malay and Loo-Choo Islands, the Coasts of China, Formosa, Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, and the Mouth of the Amoor River. By A. W. Habersham, Lieut. U. S. N., and late of the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The style of Lieut. Habersham's book is easy, descriptive, and at times, playful; the subject matter of the volume highly interesting, as the full title, which we give above, will intimate to every one. The present state of affairs in China, and the indications of approaching change among the singular people inhabiting that country and islands along its coasts, will give to it a special interest at this time. It is handsomely illustrated with steel and wood engravings, and the typography is beautiful.

Among the noticeable facts we meet with in Lieut. Habersham's book, is the existence, on the island of Formosa, of a race of red men, resembling, in many marked features, our North American Indians. The advocates of an original diversity of races will not fail to record this fact as having an important bearing on the interesting question.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Two neatly bound illustrated volumes, presenting this long continued serial complete, and in permanent form.

A HISTORY OF ROME. By Henry Liddell, D. D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The city of seven hills has from time immemorial been a perfect gold mine to historians and poets, and a "rock ahead" to unfortunate youths who have formed an unwilling acquaintance with its wonders while a ferule hung suspended by a single hair before their eyes. On looking over the book, for it was entirely too massive for us to read carefully through, we were struck with the sub-division into verse, which has such a peculiarly school-room look. However, we suppose that it is especially intended for this region, and it appears to us to be extremely interesting. It is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, among which the Wolf of the Capitol figures largely, and is printed in very good type.

THE NORTHWEST COAST: or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory. By James G. Swan. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We are an exploring generation. Ever since Columbus took it into his head to see what was going on over the other side of the water, the disposition to inquire into other people's affairs has steadily increased, and the good old fashion of minding one's own business is looked upon with contempt. Innocent bears and foxes, and all the other denizens of unexplored territories find their revels rudely disturbed, and when they very naturally come forward to inquire what it means, they are saluted with a murderous discharge of gunpowder and lead, and in place of adding to their stock of knowledge, they very soon find that they don't know anything. This is of course unsatisfactory to the bears, &c., but the intruders return home laden with wealth and fame. The book in question is quite an exciting account of adventures in strange regions; and we should think the Northwest Coast would afford a fine field for explorers. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings, and will be found a pleasant companion for the approaching Winter evenings.

NOTT'S TEMPERANCE LECTURES. By Eliphalet Nott, D. D., L. L. D., President of Union College. New York: *Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.*

We heard Gough lecture one evening, last Spring, and, completely carried away by his storm of ridicule, pathos, and gesticulation, we made up our mind that any "Temperance Lecture," after that, would seem a dull affair; but Dr. Nott's "lectures," although not so flashing, and probably not so "takings" as Gough's rhapsodies, doubtless contain much more sound sense. They are characterized by a spirit of candid, earnest inquiry; and although they contain no humorous anecdotes, there are pathetic ones, quite as affecting as any of Mr. Gough's.

"A CHILD'S HISTORY OF GREECE." By John Bonner, Author of "A Child's History of Rome." New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We were just going to say "another of Abbott's

fascinating little histories," but on glancing at the title-page, we found another name. The history in question is written in a very fascinating style, so simple that the youngest child can comprehend it, is very nicely illustrated, and printed and bound in beautiful style. To study this volume will certainly reverse the old saying, and be "making a pleasure of toil."

PLAIN INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS IN WATER COLORS AND INDIA INK; with a Palette of Flesh Tints, and notes and explanations. By M. P. Simons. Philadelphia: *T. K. & P. G. Collins.*

Just the manual that is wanted. There are hundreds of young ladies with taste and skill in coloring, who, by the aid of this little book, can apply that taste and skill to the coloring of Photographs, either as a means of earning money, or as an elegant accomplishment. The instructions here given are minute and ample, apparently covering the whole ground.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS. A Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in Life. New York: *Fowler & Wells.*

One of a series of very useful books. Every young man will profit who reads it.

MEMOIRS OF THE LOVES OF THE POETS. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Another volume of the blue and gold series; and a charming addition thereto.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

BY MARIE E. FELLOWES.

REQUIEM.

Lay thee down and sleep, O thou whom our soul loveth!

Fain would we lull thee on our hearts to rest! But Death's Angel only thy thorny crown removeth;

Rest thou canst find only on Earth's mother-breast.

Lay thee down and sleep, the green Spring-turf above thee

All starred with golden flowers, a jasper firmament.

Thou shalt not be lonely there; from hearts that love thee,

Slowly to that dear shrine some pilgrim thought is sent.

Lay thee down and sleep, white lilies o'er thee blossom!

Rest, weary head, beneath the fragrant sod; the Sweeter rest then, weary soul, upon the Eternal bosom,

On the heart that bled for thee, in the kind arms of thy God!

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ENGRAVED BY A. L. JONES

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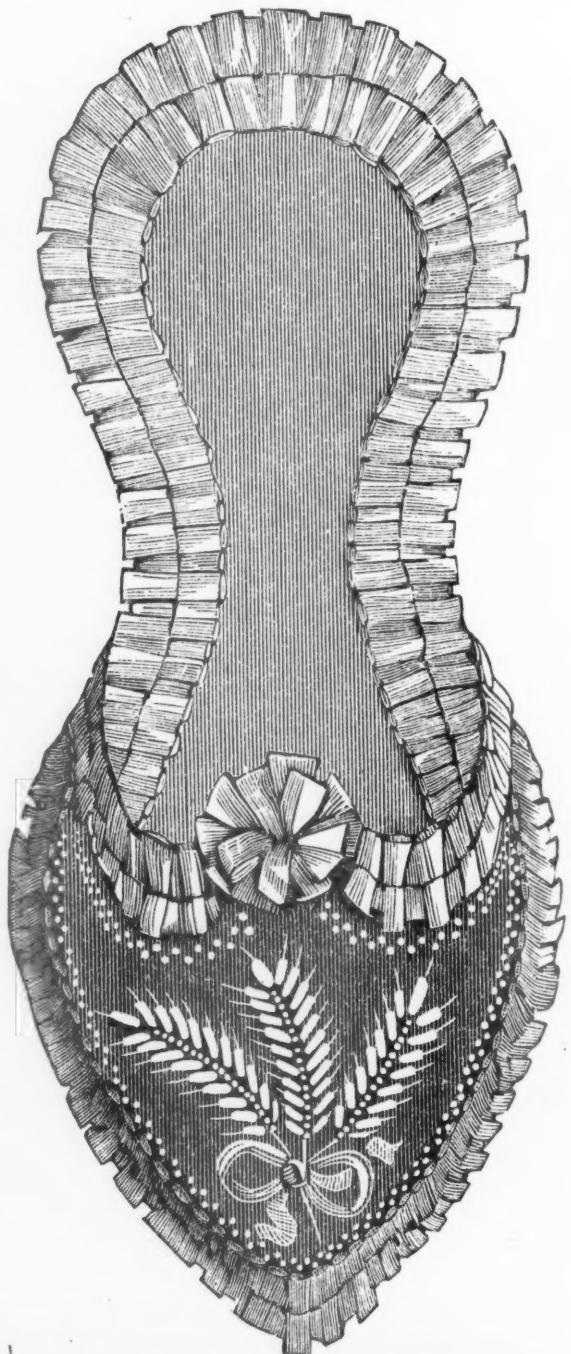


HOME MAGAZINE NOVEMBER.





HOME MAGAZINE NOVEMBER.



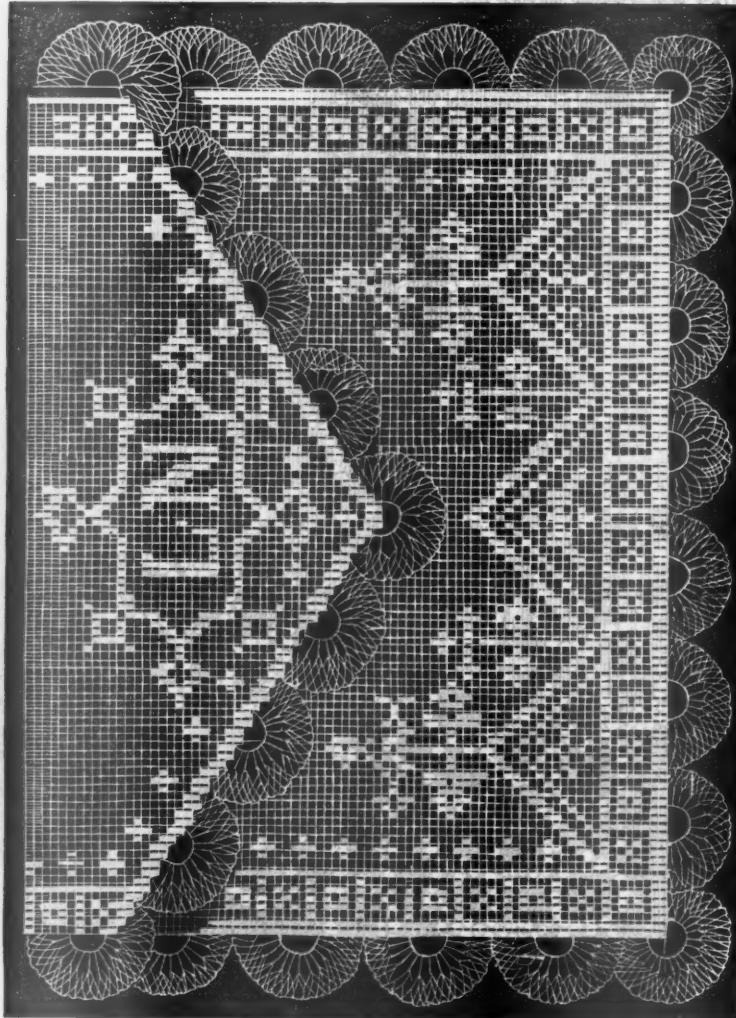
SLIPPER WATCH-BASKET.



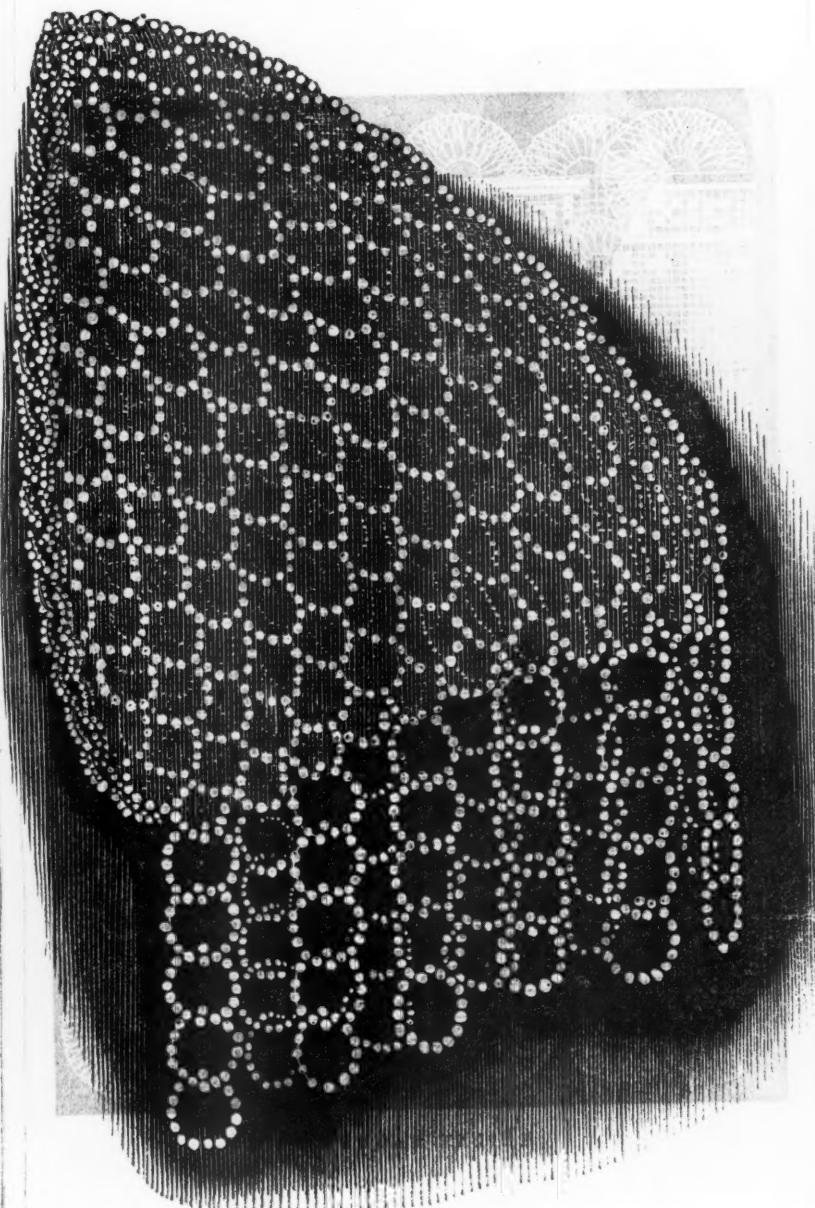




MORNING ROBE.



TOILET SACHET.



BEAD-NET HEAD-DRESS.

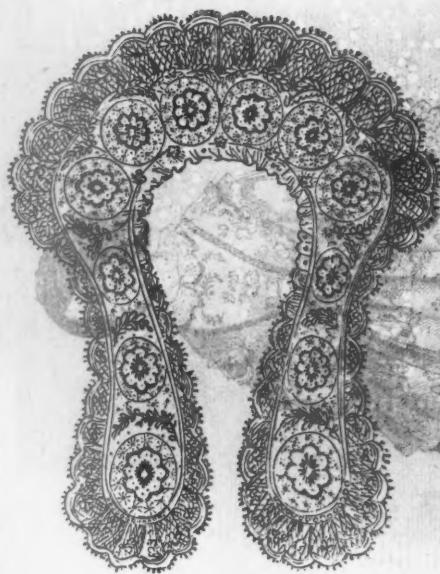
HEAD DRESSES.



(No. 1.)



(No. 2.)



COLLARETTE.



UNDERSLEEVE.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

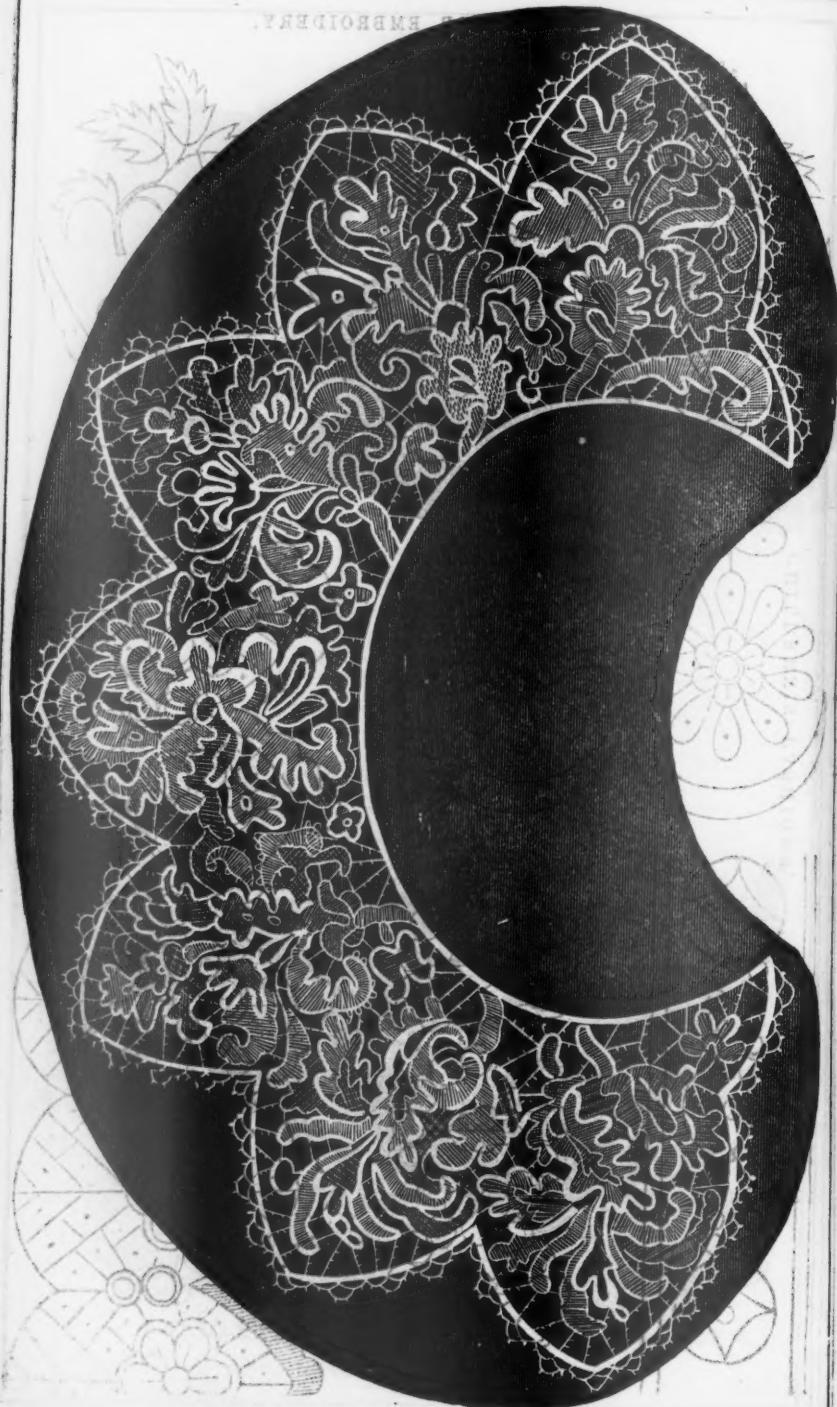
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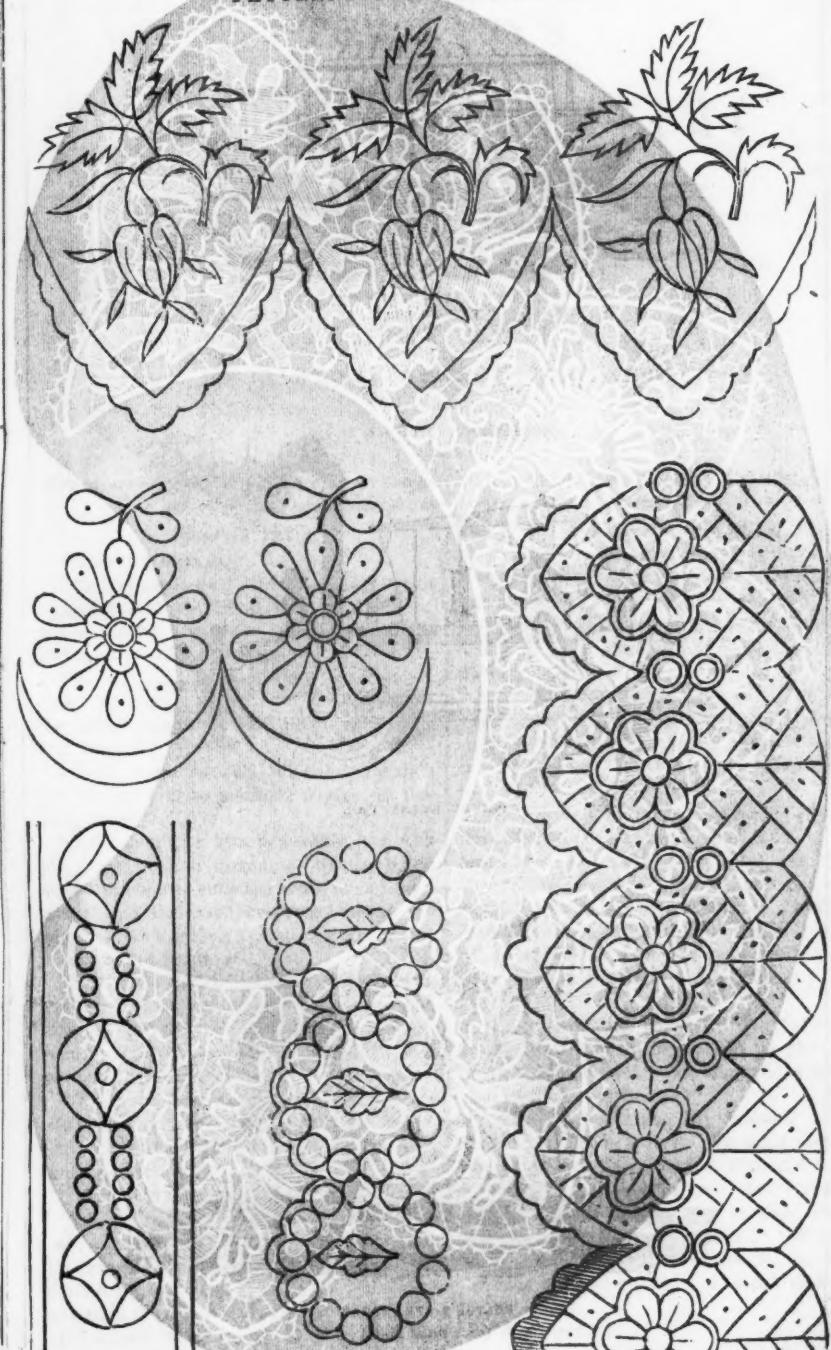


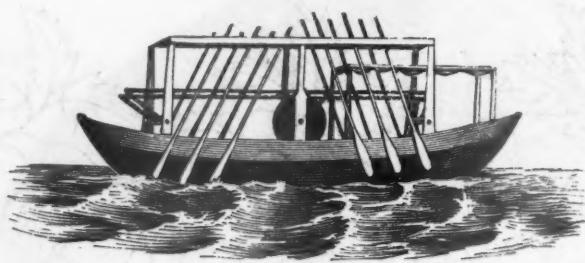
EMBROIDERY



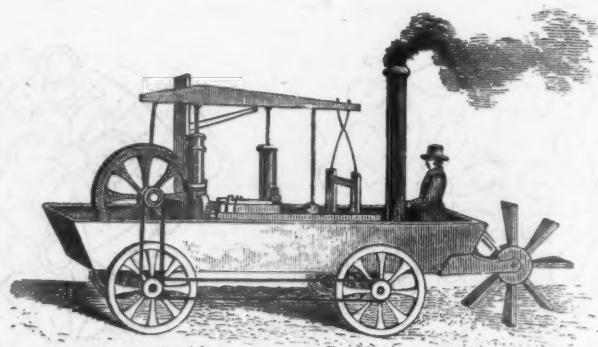
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR COLLAR.

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

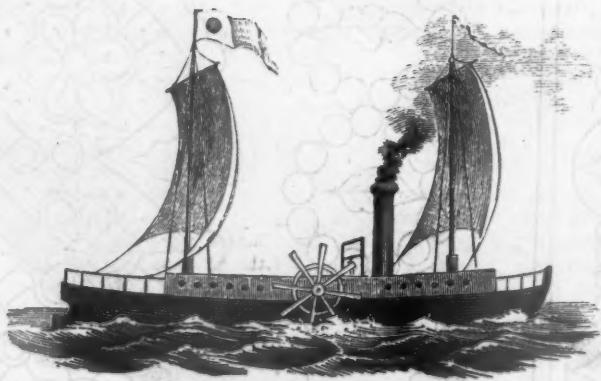




PITCH'S BOAT.



OLIVER EVANS' CAR.



FULTON'S STEAMBOAT.

(See page 230.)